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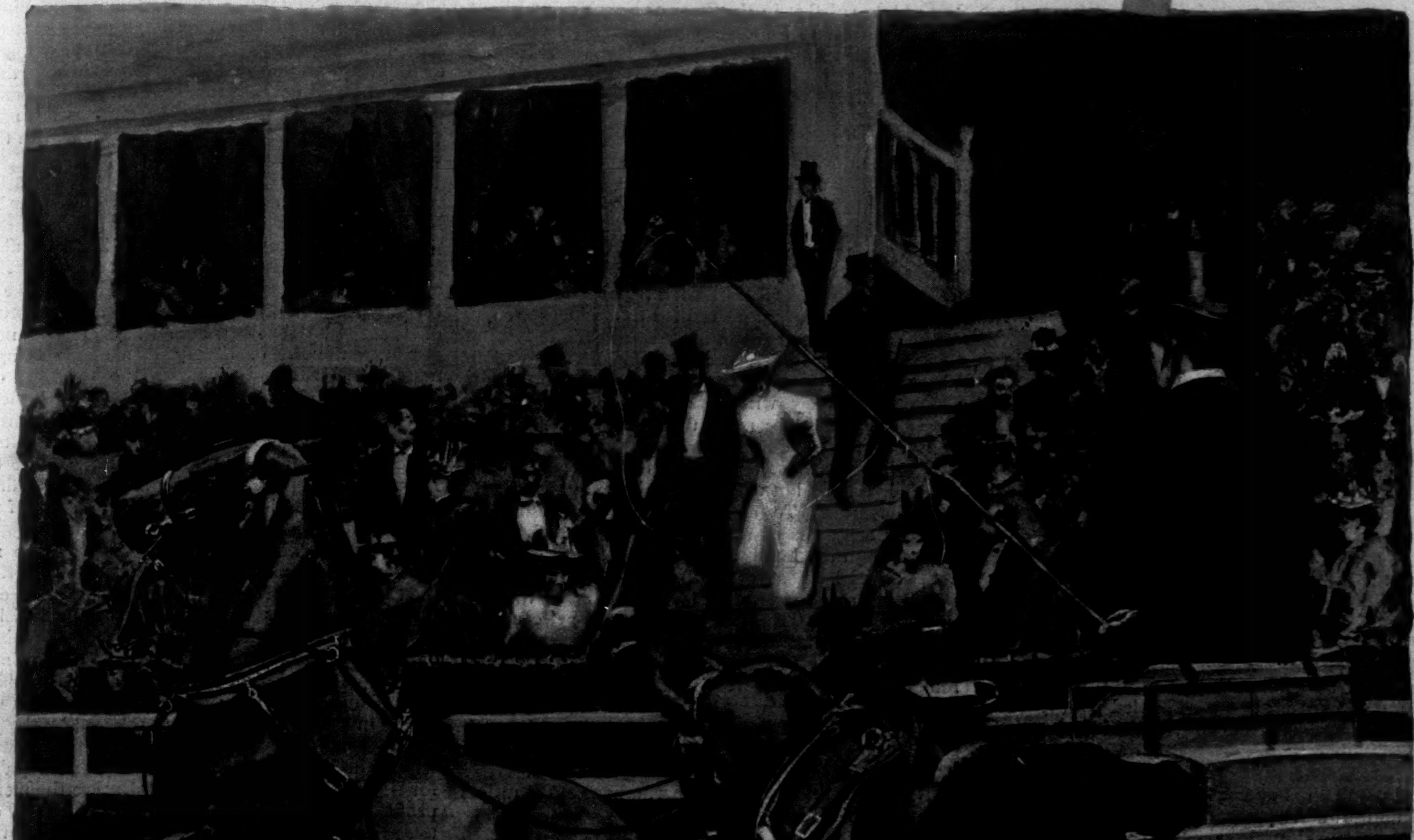

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—A TANDEM IN TROUBLE.

Drawn by Max F. Klepper.—[See Page 1099.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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THE HORSE SHOW

Will be fully reviewed and illustrated in our next number.

A GREAT LESSON.

IF the Democrats do not wish the crushing defeats they have suffered at the late elections to be only the beginning of a series of similar defeats, they must, above all things, look the truth as to the causes of the disaster straight in the face. It will do them no good to accept the explanation of the bosses, who, in order to call away popular attention from their own misdoings, pretend that the great overthrow was wholly owing to the "bad times," for which the ruling party was always, no matter how unreasonably, held responsible. If there had been only a change of some thousand votes from the Democratic to the Republican side, the business troubles disturbing the popular mind might be held accountable for it. But great political upheavals are not explained in such a way, especially when they occur in "off years," when ordinarily the interest in politics is but languid.

The truth is that the Democratic party has in a conspicuous manner failed to justify the confidence of many good citizens who last year, at the Presidential election, gave it their support. The business disturbance would not have produced such sweeping political effects had the party in power—that is, the majority of the Democrats in Congress—shown themselves capable of dealing with the most pressing problem of the time as sagaciously, vigorously, and promptly as the crisis demanded. It is true, the final repeal of the SHERMAN act satisfied the immediate requirement of the day. But this result is generally believed to be due to the unwavering firmness of the President, and not to the wisdom of the Democratic majority. It produced much more the impression of a lucky escape than of an act performed by the party in power according to a well-settled policy. The public mind has conceived a serious misgiving as to what the Democratic majority would do when unrestrained by a very vigorous Executive leadership. And here a word to our Southern friends is in order. Their Senators and Representatives in Congress, who, either from natural muddle-headedness or from cowardly dread of the Populist movement in their States, abet those financial heresies which have become so dangerous to our honor and prosperity as a nation, are in a fair way again to ruin the Democratic party in the confidence of the Northern people, and thereby in the whole country, as thoroughly as it was ruined during the civil war and for many years afterwards. In the Democratic defeats this autumn they should recognize the beginning of a revival of that fatal distrust which, when fully developed, will utterly destroy for an indefinite time the prospects of any party against which it is aroused.

If the Democratic party wishes to remain a strong factor in American politics, it will have to disarm that distrust by a wise treatment of the financial problems still to be solved, and by the fulfilment of the promises with regard to the tariff policy which found so much favor with the people in the national elections of 1890 and 1892. It can no longer stake its fortunes upon the esteem in which Mr. CLEVELAND is held, for he will not remain its leader much longer; and besides, the prestige of his name, too, has been impaired by his deplorable action in the VAN ALEN case, and by the spoils politics which his administration has been carrying on. These things have played a subordinate, although by no means unimportant, part in the recent election, but they will show their full effect when public attention is no longer diverted from them by questions of immediate urgency.

The Democratic party will have to show that it has profited by other lessons recently administered to it. The Democratic defeat in the State of New York was of peculiar significance. It has demonstrated the existence in great strength of the Democratic mugwump. The time is past when, as the saying was, a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store would get the whole Democratic vote if he had the regular nomination. The selfish tyranny of the Democratic party bosses in this State has of late years been so audacious in its wickedness that at last in the most rigidly disciplined of political parties the outraged dignity of human nature asserted itself in open revolt. When upon the snap convention of last year followed the nomination of a notorious criminal for a seat in the highest court of the State, not only those who last year manifested an independent spirit, but even thousands of Tammany men refused to obey, and voted against the obnoxious candidate. In Brooklyn and Buffalo it was an uprising of honest Democrats that swept the candidates of insolent bosses from the field and transformed Democratic into Republican majorities, and on the day after the election hundreds of Democrats were seen on the streets jubilantly congratulating one another upon Republican victories. The question for the Democratic party to consider will henceforth be, not merely how to attract the independent vote which formerly had been Republican, and had cut loose from that party on account of its misconduct, but how to hold the Democratic mugwump vote which formerly belonged to it, but now stands ready to punish the Democratic party with defeat whenever it shows itself unworthy of support.

Under these circumstances the Democratic party cannot remain under such leadership as that which has of late ruled it in the State of New York without dooming itself to impotency and disgrace. All the old disgusting stories that formerly were told of Democratic lawlessness and fraud and corruption have been made true again by these leaders and their henchmen. The continuance of their rule will make the party a stench in the nostrils of the nation. The HILLS and the SHEEHANS and the MURPHYS and the CROKERS and the MCLAUGHLINS can be tolerated as leaders only by a party devoid of moral sense, of honor, and of self-respect. Any party depending as to its success upon the esteem and confidence of the people must break down under such a load. It is vain to say that the bosses have learned something, and will in the future be careful to avoid the errors of the past. The errors of the past are the only kind of politics they understand. They will always employ the same methods, because they do not know any other. They will always do the worst they dare. They must be made utterly powerless to prevent them from doing mischief. Their places of leadership must be filled by men who are not only not their friends, but who are openly and aggressively their enemies. To effect this the party must go through a process of reorganization in which "harmony" with the late bosses is not thought of.

The signal defeat of boss rule in this State is a promising step toward this end. But let us indulge in no delusions. Tammany Hall is not yet crushed, and no reorganization will put the Democratic party upon a healthy footing so long as Tammany Hall remains a potential force in it. Tammany Hall is the citadel of the powers of tyranny and corruption. From it radiate all the influences of evil. All patriotic Democrats must make up their minds to this: No effort to reorganize and purify the Democracy in New York State will be of permanent effect unless Tammany Hall is destroyed.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

THE time seems ripe for the revival of an old subject, the discussion of which has been permitted to lapse of recent years. Twenty years ago there was a vigorous movement in this country, and especially in this city, for municipal reform. Ardent young men of keen and interested intellects entered upon a task which has not only not been accomplished, but which has distinctly lagged.

The reason for this is not difficult to find. The early movement was directed against the system which permits the proletariat to rule the people and prey upon the property of American municipal corporations. It was recognized that TWEED and his plundering gang were the legitimate offspring of the opportunities that were afforded them by the constitution of our city government. This subject is now the theme of political philosophers, essayists, and pamphleteers; but the active men of the time, the men who entered upon municipal reform, as they have since undertaken other reforms, had ambitions, and a desire to accomplish something. For nearly a generation a large number of educated young men in this country have been struggling for a place in American politics. They have been beaten by organized ignorance and corruption. They are the victims of the bosses, and they have transferred their energies from the long and waiting game of real municipal reform to the task of overthrowing the bosses—a task which seemed ready to their hands, and to demand immediate attention.

While some success has attended their efforts, it cannot be said that anything like permanent good has been accomplished. TWEED was overthrown in New York when further toleration of Tammany would have made every citizen an accomplice in the crimes of its boss. But CROKER succeeded him, and CROKER reigns. On the 7th of this month he carried New York, in the name of the men whom he ordered to be candidates, by majorities ranging between 55,000 and 60,000. A majority of more than 60,000 even ratified his appointment of the notorious FELLOWS to the District-Attorneyship. The government of New York to-day is an ignorant and degraded autocracy.

What happens here happens elsewhere. The cities on our right and left, Jersey City and Brooklyn, have risen up against their masters, and have thrown off their rule. But their relief is only temporary. The roots of the evil, under whose shadow free institutions are blighted, are still alive. There is not a city in this State that is not governed by bosses. In other States a similar condition prevails. The recent disgraceful squabble in Chicago between rival claimants for the Mayoralty is symptomatic. The aldermen who claimed succession to the murdered Mayor could hold office but a few weeks. But the prize was so profitable and their own vulgar greed so great that to attain the one and gratify the other they were willing to violate the law and to outrage decency.

The money value of the municipal prize is out of all proportion greater than that of any other object in American politics. The head of the triumphant machine, whether he is the Mayor, or the boss who directs his fellows from the secure and irresponsible shades of a "Hall," is the distributor of plunder. Behind him are crime that buys police protection, sordid and eager avarice that lives to prey upon the community, and worthless voters to whom the extravagant and corrupt management of the common property of their thrifty fellow-citizens means food and drink, means the luxury of idleness with the rewards for which honest men must toil.

Most of the men who made up CROKER'S 60,000 majority have no proprietary interest in New York. Many of those who do pay taxes pay them upon plunder which they have gathered in their public or semi-public capacities. And yet New York is simply a corporation, organized under the laws of the State for the purpose of managing the common property of those who dwell within it. It enacts no law touching the life or liberty of a single being. It merely receives and disburses the revenues of the corporation. It owns parks and docks for the pleasure, rest, and convenience of the people. It provides streets, and cleans and lights them. It maintains a police force which acts under the laws of the State. It protects the property of individuals from fire and depredation. It is charged with the duty of maintaining the city in healthful condition.

The laws which are administered by the municipal authorities are enacted by the Legislature of the State. The people have their voice in the making of these laws when they vote for legislators. The authorities of the municipality simply raise and expend the money for carrying on the business of the corporation. They are the agents of the tax-payers, but under the system which prevails everywhere in this country they are selected by the people who do not pay taxes. Not only that, but those whom the bosses control, and on whom they depend for their ascendency in city affairs, are the men who profit by excessive and corrupt expenditure of the tax-payers' money. Under such conditions the organization of the proletariat is easily effected and preserved. The essential element is furnished in the cohesive power of public plunder.

So long as the system remains—a system which Professor BRYCE has declared to be the weak point in American politics—so long shall we have to deal with TWEEDS and CROKERS. War upon the bosses must be kept up, because the temporary triumphs over them are not only wholesome, but are encouraging signs that public virtue survives even when it appears to be most deeply buried. But along with this war there should go a movement for a revolution in our municipal system of government. The weak spot should be cut out. It threatens the health of our whole political system.

BRAZIL AND OUR WAR PARTY.

THE outbreak of the revolution in Brazil against President PEIXOTO'S government has galvanized into a somewhat feeble semblance of life the political warriors of this country. There is not so much of the party, either in numbers or in power of lung, as there was at the time Mr. HARRISON was intent on waging war against the Chilians, but there is enough to show that the desire for slaughter, and incidentally for international conquest, survives in certain American bosoms.

Considering the valor that has been expressed by our amateur sons of Mars, it is a cause of deep concern that they should never have an exciting cause except against a comparatively weak power. It would seem to the disinterested on-looking philosopher as though distracted South American republics would be the last objects of dislike that could tempt the truly valiant to search for glory. It is as if a first-class bull-dog, of a fighting strain, should prefer to demonstrate his nerve and prowess by a conflict with a pampered lapdog.

The situation in Brazil is that which at present occupies the minds of those who long for war, if only to prove that we have still the men and material of a great naval power. The situation is not extraordinary when we consider the country and its people. Brazil has been struggling towards republicanism for a little more than a hundred years. Its advance has not been steady, but it has been long, and its slow progress has been educational. Probably no form of government which the country has possessed did so much to advance the love of the Brazilians for free institutions as the mild and intelligent reign of Dom PEDRO. Now that the country has achieved independence of the crown, and has the opportunity to establish a republican form of government, its military and naval marplots, after the fashion of their race, are putting difficulties in the way of the achievement, for the gratification of their own ambitions.

The warriors of this country have also come in to help along the difficulty. The news that the powers of Europe were about to interfere in behalf of the restoration of monarchy comes later than it was to have been expected, but it was inevitable, and it has come at last. It is announced that the MELLO revolutionists are plotting to restore the empire, and to place the family of Dom PEDRO on the throne. This attempt is to be supported by the war-ships of Europe that are now in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. It is assumed that, in some way or other, the MONROE doctrine forbids any American people from restoring a dethroned monarch, once a republic has been proclaimed on paper.

There is no doctrine whatever which holds that it is the duty of the United States to force a republican form of government on any people. If the Brazilian people want an emperor they have a right to him. They do not want him, however; and as for the European war-ships at Rio, there is no reason at all to suppose that they are there for any other purpose than that for which our own vessels are there—the protection of the property, interests, and persons of the citizens of their governments who are residing in Brazil.

Intelligent and patriotic Americans esteem our navy, and desire to see it built up to meet all the requirements that are likely to be made upon it; but the absurd war party in this country, that makes every outbreak in South America the basis of a demand for war-ships, will destroy rather than stimulate pride in the service, and will cause good people who love peace to inquire whether it is well to go on building war-ships if their possession is to stimulate the desire to pound some weaker power to pieces with our modern ordnance.

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

WHAT so conspicuous a Republican leader as CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has to say in regard to the cause which was mainly instrumental in bringing about the result of the recent elections will be read with interest by voters of all parties. We give the following extract from an interview with him, published in the New York *Tribune* of November 9th, in which he remarks:

> "Independent voting is like jumping into a cold bath. It is only the first plunge that takes away the breath. The revolt against the Republican machine, which defeated FOLGER—and created CLEVELAND—made 100,000 Republicans in this State independent voters. They had gone steadily with their party on war issues, and had considered it sacrilege to vote other than the Republican ticket. Since then they have been making the Democratic majorities in this State.
>
> "At least 150,000 Democrats have taken the same plunge in this election against the machine. A large majority will continue to exercise the right of private and independent judgment, regardless of caucus and conventions. Our State will become more than ever a doubtful State, with at least 200,000 voters ready to vote for one side or the other, regardless of previous associations. These voters are intelligent, honest, non-office-seeking, and fearless. Their potentiality will compel good nominations."

FOOTBALL ETHICS.

As the interest in football increases, and enthusiasm and love for the game cause more and more people to attend the important matches, there loom up, side by side with the growth of the game and the increasing interest, two evils which threaten not simply to dampen the enthusiasm, but to entirely put a stop to the sport. These evils are brutal tactics on the part of the players, and drunkenness on the part of their supporters.

The average college football-player, through no fault of his own, but rather from his youth, with its untrained judgment, fails to grasp the fact that by showing lack of self-control he lowers the standard which education is supposed to give him, and places himself on a level with the uneducated brute who for the sake of a few dollars would knock another human being down. In his desire to win the applause of a certain class of spectators who applaud brutality, in his zeal to win the game by any means, in his readiness to resent some supposed or real affront, he so loses control of himself that he performs some deed of violence which in after-years, as he thinks it over, will bring a blush of shame to his face.

Looking over the reports of the games, there is scarcely one to be found which does not contain, either in the rulings of the umpire or the running account of the game, some evidence of foul play. Why does this sort of thing continue? The college representatives have legislated upon it. They have drawn up a set of rules, and they have said that a man shall be chosen to see that these rules are obeyed. But one man cannot watch twenty-two. One pair of eyes cannot follow the game, and at the same time observe the hidden, unsportsmanlike blows, the wicked digs and cruel tactics on the part of the unrestrained youths who represent some institution of learning. To whom, then, must we turn for help against this evil, which so severely threatens the existence of a game which should stand pre-eminent among sports as a developer of *men*, and as a fitting school for after-life? Who is responsible for the class of men to be found in any college? Who is responsible for the way in which these young men are brought up, and given their ideas on manly conduct?

The young men have tried to control by rules what should be controlled by education in a great measure. They have failed. The only convention in which these matters were brought up, discussed, and ruled upon has now become a thing of the past. The responsibility of the whole matter rested not with them, however. Each and every college has its corps of instructors, and upon *them* rests the responsibility.

Professors, instructors, gentlemen, you have delayed too long in doing your duty. You have shirked the responsibility. Occasionally you have stopped this game or that, kept your boys from what was theirs by right, and posed before the American public as antagonists of healthy sport. Instead of seeking by proper means to control, first, the kind of men who should try to play, secondly, the way the game should be played, you have been waiting for some excuse which would give you the apparent right to stop the whole sport.

Some day in the near future, when a player falls never to get up again, because his opponent in the heat of the contest has struck a little harder than he intended, you will seize the opportunity to say, "No more football." But the responsibility of that man's death will rest upon you. You have, and have had, the power to make football what it should be, a clean, healthy, open-handed game. You are responsible for the character of the men who represent your college or university. If it is beneath your dignity to leave your study, mingle with your young men, and teach them what manliness is, then far better would it be that you give your vote on the governing board to some one who has an appreciation of boyish spirits, and the requisite tact to deal with and control them.

Thus far you have shown a lamentable lack of ability and courage to deal with these questions. You have aimed your blows at the game, and have flattered yourselves that if that were stopped all would be well. But if it is not football, it will be something else. You cannot longer shift the responsibility of coming into closer contact with your students, finding out the sort of men they are, and whether they belong with you or not. You must enter more closely into their sports, tell them firmly but kindly what will be allowed, and what will not. Teach them self-control, honorable dealing, and manliness under all circumstances. If you have not the time for such things, then have some one appointed whose duty it shall be to be present at the different contests; and not only be present, but also have the authority and courage to say to your students, "Boys, either control yourselves or leave the field." A little plain-speaking, a few teams disqualified—the members expelled from college if necessary—and we would seldom have such an exhibition as was seen at Manheim on November 4th.

The responsibility for the second evil—drunkenness—rests in the same hands. Examples must be made. The courage must be found for wholesale expulsions if it is demanded. The evil must be stamped out. The cry has been, "Stop the game!" It is the cowardly cry of those who have the power but not the courage to deal with what is their duty to attend to.

THE HEART AGAIN IN EVIDENCE.

SYMPATHY with our neighbor need not prevent our drawing a lesson from his misfortune. We trust, therefore, that we shall not be thought unfeeling in suggesting that there is an interest quite aside from its pathos in the case of the unfortunate Brooklyn woman who the other day, after paying $13,000 for what purported to be $200,000 worth of gold, fell dead of heart failure on discovering that the "gold" was only brass.

Now of course every one knows that there was a time when broken heart was a favorite disease with the romancer. The neglected heroine or the jilted hero contracted it almost as a matter of course, and went into an interesting decline, permeating numberless chapters with mild melancholy, a tragedy or a reunion being the sequel, according to the state of the author's digestive system. But latterly it has been darkly hinted that all this was a mistake, that the broken heart was a pure myth, having no better title to a place in literature than the antiquated ghost, and love at first sight, and numerous other obsolete figments of the romanticist's ill-balanced brain. It was said, in short, that hearts had very little cause to appear in fiction at all, that things were not what they seemed, and that an emotion no more resided in the chest because it was felt there than did a horse, for example, extend its legs together in running because it seemed to do so to the unenlightened eyes of our ancestors. The camera has settled the horse question, showing that this animal in motion really sprawls its legs about without regard to artistic appearances, producing effects far more like those obtained by a school-boy with a cucumber and four matches than like the paintings of the masters. And science had settled the heart question, showing that this organ had no nearer relation to love and other intricate emotions than the utterly inconsequential one of supplying blood to the brain, which took to itself the task of loving and hating and feeling in general, and which should, if it understood its business, carry on these functions in a cool, logical way, quite at variance with the inflammable method that was tolerated before the heart was put out of court. And at last, capping the climax, and presumably setting the last lingering doubt forever at rest, came a scientific cabal branding love itself as a condition bordering very closely on the pathological.

But now all this iconoclasm has its answer. The heart is again in evidence in as literal and unequivocal a way as the most uncompromising realist could demand. It has shown that it may stop on occasion under the influence of emotion, let that emotion reside where it will, and when it does stop, the brain is silenced forever. True, there was no love in the novelist's sense involved in the case in point, but there was grief over the loss of something loved, and it would be hair-splitting to attempt to separate this emotion from the grief and despair of the traditional lover. So the broken heart may be restored to fiction, and the most unyielding realist may introduce it as freely as he would small-pox or measles or a backwoods dialect. He must use it, however, in a distinctly modernized form. There must be no fonts of type wasted upon it. In keeping with the spirit of our age, it must compass but a paragraph, and the reader may without discomfort hold his breath, as tradition requires, while it runs its full course. The victim will simply appear on the scene as the faithless one starts to elope with the successful rival, and realizing that all is lost, will, without necessity for harrowing words, express his feelings in the most appropriate and dramatic manner possible by falling dead on the spot.

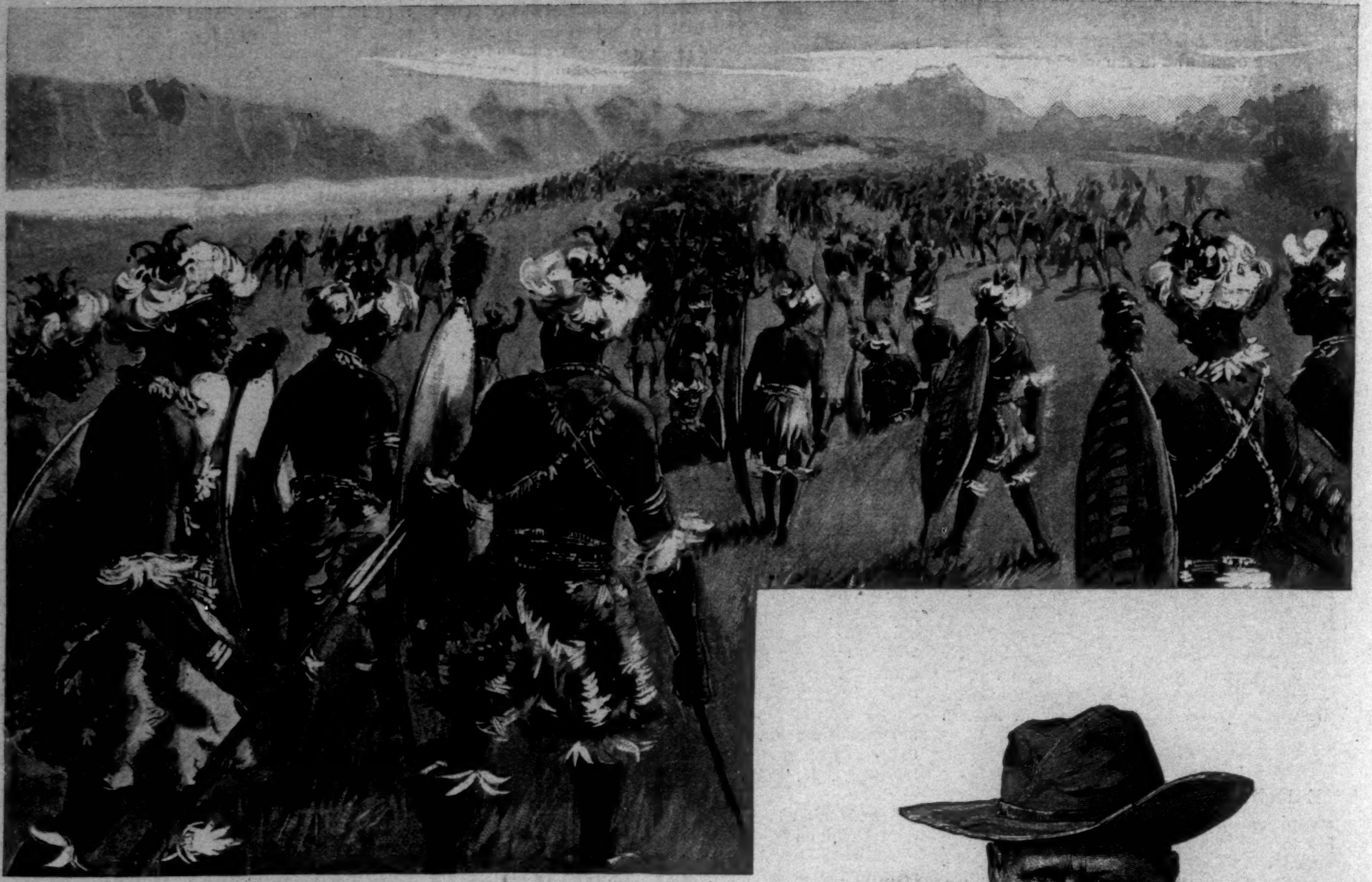
It should be borne in mind, however, in the interests of photographic literature, that there are limits to the possibilities of this treatment. The hero—or villain—thus disposed of cannot be chosen indiscriminately. It is almost absolutely essential that he should be middle-aged at least. For be it known that a perfectly normal heart will not vouchsafe to stop under the influence of any emotion whatsoever, and the weakened, dilated heart which will so succumb on occasion is seldom developed in youth. This is the reason why the modern romancer has gotten so off the track in the matter of broken hearts. Young hearts usually do the most fervent loving, and these are precisely the kind that react, refuse to be broken, and seek a new recipient of their affections. But the middle-aged lover does exist nevertheless, and the current saw which tells us "there is no fool like an old fool" certainly gives him credit for unabated fervor, though scarcely stating the matter felicitously. So in future he may be fearlessly introduced, and overcome by his young and successful rival with a glance; and any insinuations of romanticism may be promptly repudiated in a foot-note or preface calling attention to the case which furnishes our text. Now that the duello is almost obsolete, and no longer generally available as a means of eliminating supernumerary lovers, this newer method will surely be a boon inestimable to the builders of realistic fiction.

THE UMBRELLA AS A WEAPON.

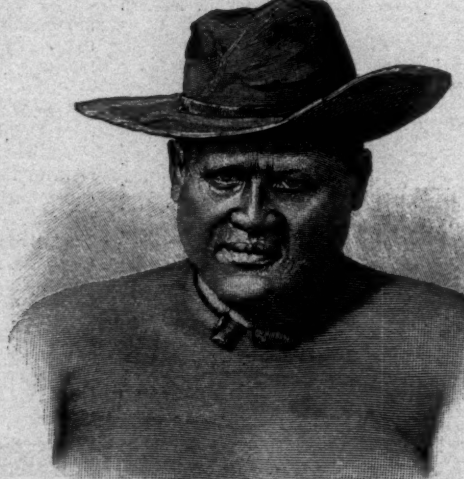
IN the Western world the umbrella was primarily a weapon, or rather an article of defence, a protection against the sun and rain. In the East, where it originated, it is, and has been for time immemorial, an insignia of honor, a badge of high caste. There is a tradition in the United States army that the use of an umbrella as an article of defense in its primary form once caused a court martial. General HARDEE, the author of *Hardee's Tactics*, was something of a martinet. At a post commanded by him—it may have been West Point, and the time, of course, was before the war—he observed the officer of the day going the rounds protecting the gold lace and tinsel of his epaulets from the rain with an umbrella. The post commandant remonstrated, saying that the umbrella was unmilitary. But there is no question in the world in the minds of those who have considered the umbrella in its various aspects that it is a most dangerous and formidable weapon of offence.

We suggest that a board of ordnance officers of the army be appointed to study the umbrella as an implement of warfare. The army men seem to be the last to have discovered the value of the umbrella used in this way. Indeed, we fancy that they have not discovered it, though pretty nearly all other people are well acquainted with it. Take the men who make what the editors of funny papers technically call "comics," for instance—they know the umbrella in all its varying moods. When other ideas run short, these artists have but to draw a bull charging a sketcher's umbrella, and then in a companion piece show the catastrophe after the bull and the offensive umbrella have met. Or if this has been used too recently, what is easier than to have an old lady raise her umbrella suddenly when a dude is cantering past? A catastrophe now is the natural sequence, for the umbrella is offensive to the horse. This well-known phenomenon long ago, it seems to us, should have suggested to the army men the use of the umbrella both as a weapon of offence and defence. Cavalry, we believe, cannot charge successfully against infantry with fixed bayonets. Nor could cavalry charge suddenly opened umbrellas. Suppose a troop of cavalry should gallop up against a hollow square of infantry, and just before the moment of contact each infantryman should raise an umbrella. The consequence would be direful. Each horse would stop short, and the majority of riders would be projected, as though from catapults, over the horses' heads and into the hollow square. There they would be easy captives.

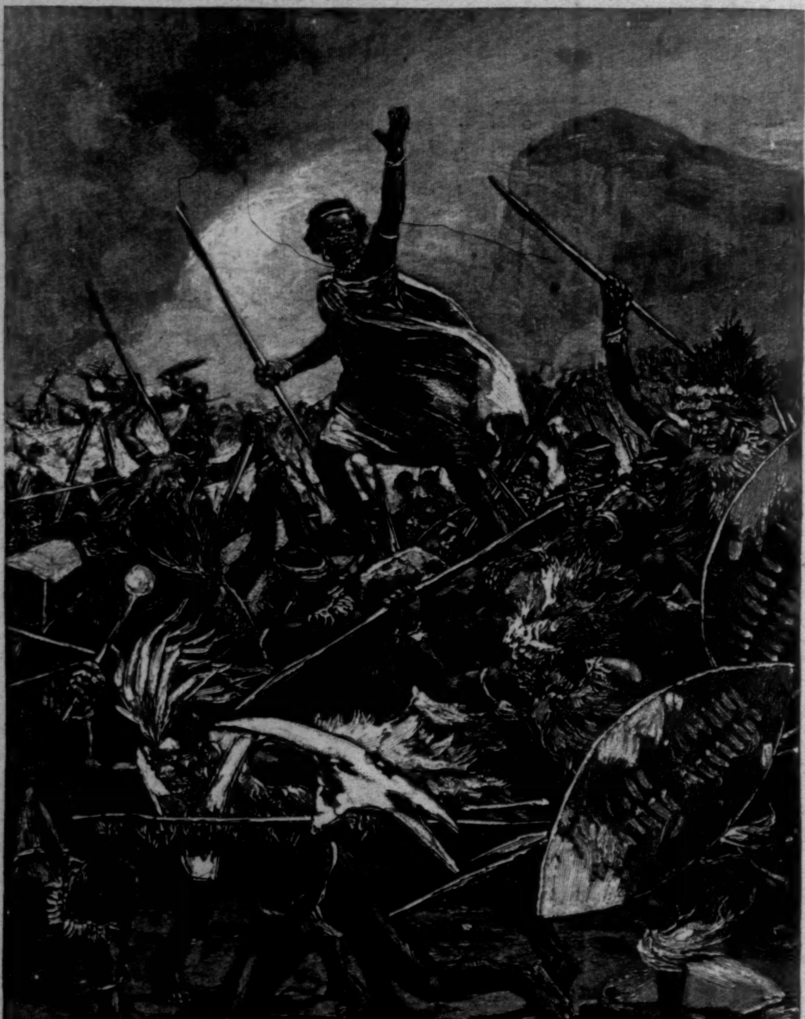
But in civil life the umbrella is a most offensive weapon. A little while ago a ruffian insulted a lady and gentleman on the street. The gentleman lurched out with his slender silk umbrella. Without intending any serious harm, he touched his assailant in the eye and penetrated the brain, causing instant death. This proves the umbrella in personal encounters to be, sometimes at least, as deadly as the unloaded revolver. And then consider how offensive the umbrella can be, and is, on the stairs of the elevated railways. A man who was seriously hurt by being poked in the eye by an umbrella while going up the stairway of an elevated railway station once stood for an hour on a threatening day and made a census of the way the passengers handled their umbrellas. During the hour 487 men and women with umbrellas went up the stairs—402 men, 85 women. Of these, 297 men and 77 women carried their umbrellas under their arms, with the point sticking out behind, so that those immediately following were in danger of being jabbed more or less seriously; 80 men and 5 women carried their umbrellas by the handles, and swung the points behind them as they waddled up the steps (all of these were fat); the remaining passengers—25 men and 3 women—so carried their umbrellas that no harm could be done with them. And on the street it is only a little better. Now these civilian carriers of umbrellas do not mean to give offence, but yet they are most offensive and most dangerous. There is no doubt in the world that if the Chief of Ordnance can spare some of his bright assistants from their arduous duties of examining smokeless powders and testing new projectiles, he will find that the umbrella is well worthy of their study, for 'tis a fearsome instrument even in innocent hands.



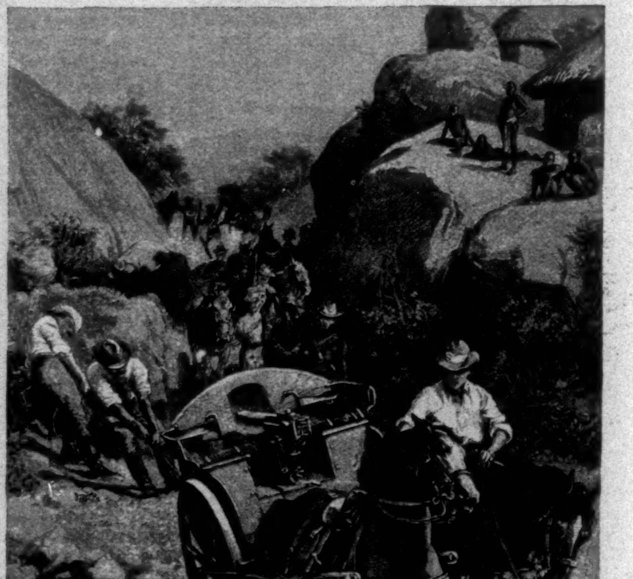
MATABELE BRAVES MUSTERING FOR A ROYAL REVIEW.



KING LO BENGULA.

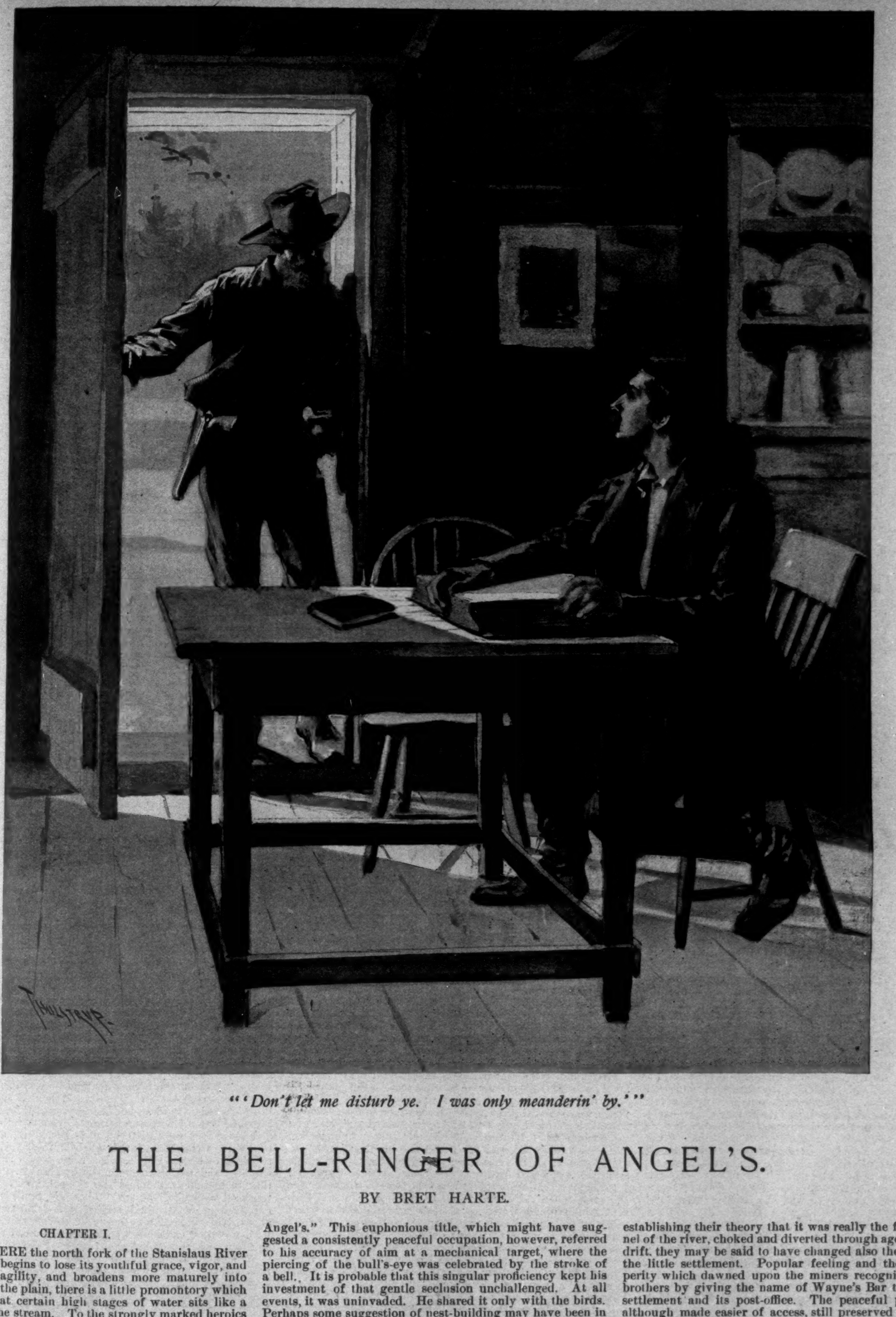


AN ATTACK OF THE MATABELES.



THE COMPANY'S FORCES MOVING INTO THE INTERIOR

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—[See Page 1099.]



"'Don't let me disturb ye. I was only meanderin' by.'"

THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGEL'S.

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE the north fork of the Stanislaus River begins to lose its youthful grace, vigor, and agility, and broadens more maturely into the plain, there is a little promontory which at certain high stages of water sits like a small island in the stream. To the strongly marked heroics of Sierran landscape it contrasts a singular pastoral calm. White and gray mosses from the overhanging rocks and feathery alders trail their filaments in its slow current, and between the woodland openings there are glimpses of vivid velvet sward, even at times when the wild-oats and "wire-grasses" of the plains are already yellowing. The placid river, unstained at this point by mining sluices or mill drift, runs clear under its contemplative shadows. Originally the camping-ground of a Digger chief, it passed from his tenancy with the American rifle bullet that terminated his career. The pioneer who thus succeeded to its attractive calm gave way in turn to a well-directed shot from the revolver of a quartz-prospector, equally impressed with the charm of its restful tranquillity. How long he might have enjoyed his riparian seclusion is not known. A sudden rise of the river one March night quietly removed him, together with the overhanging post-oak beneath which he was profoundly but unconsciously meditating. The demijohn of whiskey was picked up further down. But no other suggestion of these successive evictions was ever visible in the reposeful serenity of the spot.

It was later occupied and a cabin built upon the spot by one Alexander McGee, better known as "The Bell-ringer of Angel's." This euphonious title, which might have suggested a consistently peaceful occupation, however, referred to his accuracy of aim at a mechanical target, where the piercing of the bull's-eye was celebrated by the stroke of a bell. It is probable that this singular proficiency kept his investment of that gentle seclusion unchallenged. At all events, it was uninvaded. He shared it only with the birds. Perhaps some suggestion of nest-building may have been in his mind, for one pleasant spring morning he brought hither a wife. It was his *own*—and in this way he may be said to have introduced that morality which is supposed to be the accompaniment and reflection of pastoral life. Mrs. McGee's red petticoat was sometimes seen through the trees—a cheerful bit of color. Mrs. McGee's red cheeks, plump little figure, beribboned hat, and brown, still girlish braids were often seen at sunset on the river-bank in company with her husband, who seemed to be pleased with the discreet and distant admiration that followed them. Strolling under the bland shadows of the cottonwoods by the fading gold of the river, he doubtless felt that peace which the mere world cannot give, and which fades not away before the clear, accurate eye of the perfect marksman.

Their nearest neighbors were the two brothers Wayne, who took up a claim and built themselves a cabin on the river-bank near the promontory. Quiet, simple men, suspected somewhat of psalm-singing and undue retirement on Sundays, they attracted but little attention. But when, through some original conception or painstaking deliberation, they turned the current of the river so as to restrict the overflow between the promontory and the river-bank, disclosing an auriferous "bar" of inconceivable richness, and establishing their theory that it was really the former channel of the river, choked and diverted through ages of alluvial drift, they may be said to have changed also the fortunes of the little settlement. Popular feeling and the new prosperity which dawned upon the miners recognized the two brothers by giving the name of Wayne's Bar to the infant settlement and its post-office. The peaceful promontory, although made easier of access, still preserved its calm seclusion, and pretty Mrs. McGee could contemplate through the leaves of her bower the work going on at its base, herself unseen. Nevertheless, this Arcadian retreat was being slowly and surely invested; more than that, the character of its surroundings was altered, and the complexion of the river had changed. The Wayne engines on the point above had turned the drift and débris into the current, that now thickened and ran yellow around the wooded shore. The fringes of this Eden were already tainted with the color of gold.

It is doubtful, however, if Mrs. McGee was much affected by this sentimental reflection, and her husband in a manner lent himself to the desecration of his exclusive domain by accepting a claim along the shore, tendered by the conscientious Waynes in compensation for restricting the approach to the promontory, and thus participated in the fortunes of the bar. Mrs. McGee amused herself by watching from her eyry, with a presumably childish interest, the operations of the red-shirted brothers on the bar, her husband, however, always accompanying her when she crossed the bar to the bank. Some two or three other women—wives of miners—had joined the camp, but it was evident that McGee was as little inclined to intrust his wife to their companionship as to that of their husbands. An opinion obtained that the

McGees, being old residents, with alleged high connections in Angel's were inclined to be aristocratic and exclusive.

Meantime the two brothers who had founded the fortunes of the Bar were accorded an equally high position, with an equal amount of reserve. Their ways were decidedly not those of the other miners, and were as efficacious in keeping them from familiar advances as the reputation of Mr. McGee was in isolating his wife. Madison Wayne, the elder, was tall, well knit, and spare, reticent in speech, and slow in deduction; his brother, Arthur, was of rounder outline, but smaller, and of a more delicate and perhaps a more impressible nature. It was believed by some that it was within the range of possibility that Arthur would yet be seen "taking his cocktail like a white man," or "dropping his scads" at draw-poker. At present, however, they seemed content to spend their evenings in their own cabin, and their Sundays at a grim Presbyterian tabernacle in the next town—to which they walked ten miles—where it was currently believed "hell-fire was ladled out free," and "infants damned for nothing." When they did not go to meeting it was also believed that the minister came to them, until it was ascertained that the sounds of sacred recitation overheard in their cabin were simply Madison Wayne reading the Bible to his younger brother. McGee is said to have stopped on one of these occasions—unaccompanied by his wife—before their cabin, moving away afterwards with more than his usual placid contentment.

It was about eleven o'clock one morning, and Madison Wayne was at work alone on the bar. Clad in a dark gray jersey and white duck trousers rolled up over high India-rubber boots, he looked not unlike a peaceful fisherman setting stakes for his nets, as he labored in the ooze and gravel of the still half-reclaimed river-bed. He was far out on the bar, within a stone's-throw of the promontory. Suddenly his quick ear caught an unfamiliar cry and splash. Looking up hastily, he saw Mrs. McGee's red petticoat in the water under the singularly agitated boughs of an overhanging tree. Madison Wayne ran to the bank, threw off his heavy boots, and sprang into the stream. A few strokes brought him to Mrs. McGee's petticoat, which, as he had wisely surmised, contained Mrs. McGee, who was still clinging to a branch of the tree. Grasping her waist with one hand and the branch with the other, he obtained a foothold on the bank and dragged her ashore. A moment later they both stood erect and dripping at the foot of the tree.

"Well!" said the lady.

Wayne glanced around their seclusion with his habitual caution, slightly knit his brows perplexedly, and said, "You fell in?"

"I didn't do nothin' of the sort. I *jumped* in."

Wayne again looked around him, as if expecting her companion, and squeezed the water out of his thick hair. "*Jumped* in!" he repeated, slowly. "What for?"

"To make you come over here, Mad Wayne," she said, with a quick laugh, putting her arms akimbo.

They both stood looking at each other, dripping like two river-gods. Like them also, Wayne had apparently ignored the fact that his trousers were rolled up above his bare knees, and Mrs. McGee that her red petticoat clung closely to her rather pretty figure. But he quickly recovered himself. "You had better go in and change your clothes," he said, with grave concern. "You'll take cold."

She only shook herself disdainfully. "I'm all right," she said. "But *you*, Mad Wayne, what do you mean by not speaking to me? not knowing me? You can't say that I'm changed like that." She passed her hand down her long dripping braids, as if to press the water from them, and yet with a half-coquettish suggestion in the act.

Something struggled up into the man's face which was not there before. There was a new light in his grave eyes. "You look the same," he said, slowly; "but you are married; you have a husband."

"You think that changes a girl?" she said, with a laugh. "That's where all you men slip up. You're afraid of his rifle—*that's* the change that bothers you, Mad."

"You know I care little for carnal weapons," he said, quietly.

She *did* know it. But it is the privilege of the sex to invent its facts, and then to graciously abandon them, as if they were only arguments.

"Then, why do you look the other way when I pass?" she said, quickly.

"Because you are married," he said, slowly.

She again shook the water from her, like a Newfoundland dog. "That's it. You're mad because I got married. You're mad because I wouldn't marry you and your church over on the Cross-Roads, and sing hymns with you, and become *Sister* Wayne. You wanted me to give up dancing and buggy-ridin' Sundays, and you're just mad because I didn't. Yes, mad—just mean, baby mad, Mr. Maddy Wayne—for all your *Christian* resignation. That's what's the matter with you." Yet she looked very pretty and piquant in her small spitefulness, which was still so general and superficial that she seemed to shake it out of her wet petticoats in the vicious flap that disclosed her neat ankles.

"You preferred McGee to me," he said, grimly. "I didn't blame you."

"Who said I *preferred* him?" she retorted, quickly. "Much you know!" Then with swift feminine abandonment of her position she added, with a little laugh, "It's all the same whether one is guarded with a rifle or a church presbytery, only—"

"Only what?" said Madison, earnestly.

"There's men who'd risk being shot for a girl, that couldn't stand psalm-singin' palaver."

The quick expression of pain that passed over his hard dark face seemed only to heighten her pretty mischievousness. But he simply glanced again around the solitude, passed his hand over his wet sleeve, and said, "I must go now; your husband wouldn't like my being here."

"He's workin' in the claim—the claim *you* gave him," said Mrs. McGee, with cheerful malice. "Wonder what he'd say if he knew it was given to him by the man who used to spark his wife only two years ago? How does that suit your Christian conscience, Mad?"

"I should have told him had I not believed that everything was over between us, or that it was impossible that you and me should ever meet again," he returned, in a tone so measured that the girl seemed to hear the ring of the conventicle in it.

"Should you, *Brother* Wayne?" she said, imitating him. "Well, let me tell you that you are the one man on the Bar that Sandy has taken a fancy to."

Madison's sallow cheek colored a little, but he did not speak.

"Well," continued Mrs. McGee, impatiently, "I don't believe he'd object to your comin' here to see me—if you cared."

"But I wouldn't care to come unless he first knew that I had been once engaged to you," said Madison, gravely.

"Perhaps he might not think as much of that as you do," retorted the woman, pertly. "Every one isn't as strait-laced as you, and every girl has had one or two engagements. But as you like—stay at home if you want to—and sing psalms and read the Scriptures to that younger brother of yours. All the same, I'm thinkin' he'd rather be out with the boys."

"My brother is God-fearing and conscientious," said Madison, quickly. "You do not know him. You have never seen him."

"No," said Mrs. McGee, shortly. She then gave a little shiver (that was, however, half simulated) in her wet garments, and added: "*One* saint was enough for me. I couldn't stand the whole church, Mad."

"You are catching cold," he said, quickly, his whole face brightening with a sudden tenderness that seemed to transfigure the dark features. "I am keeping you here when you should be changing your clothes. Go, I beg you—at once."

She stood still, provokingly, with an affectation of wiping her arms and shoulders and sopping her wet dress with clusters of moss.

"Go, please do—Safie—please!"

"Ah!" she drew a quick triumphant breath. "Then you'll come again to see me, Mad?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, and even more gravely than before.

"But you must let me show you the way out—round under those trees—where no one can see you come." She held out her hand.

"I'll go the way I came," he said, swinging himself silently from the nearest bough into the stream. And before she could utter a protest he was striking out as silently, hand over hand, across the current.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later Madison Wayne was seated alone in his cabin. His supper table had just been cleared by his Chinese coolie, and the setting sun, which for half an hour had been persistently making a vivid beacon of his windows for the benefit of wayfarers along the river-bank, had at last sunk behind the cottonwoods. His head was resting on his hand; the book he had been reading when the light faded was lying open on the table before him. In this attitude he became aware of a hesitating step on the gravel outside his open door. He had been so absorbed that the approach of any figure along the only highway—the river-bank—had escaped his observation. Looking up, he discovered that Mr. Alexander McGee was standing in the doorway, his hand resting lightly on the jamb. A sudden color suffused Wayne's cheek; his hand reached for his book, which he drew towards him hurriedly, yet half automatically, as he might have grasped some defensive weapon.

The Bell-ringer of Angel's noticed the act, but not the blush, and nodded approvingly. "Don't let me disturb ye. I was only meanderin' by, and reckoned I'd say 'How do?' in passin'." He leaned gently back against the door-post, to do which comfortably he was first obliged to shift the revolver on his hip. The sight of the weapon brought a slight contraction to the brows of Wayne, but he gravely said,

"Won't you come in?"

"It ain't your prayin' time?" said McGee, politely.

"No."

"Nor you ain't gettin' up lessons outer the Book?" he continued, thoughtfully.

"No."

"'Cos it don't seem, so to speak, you see, the square thing to be botherin' a man when he might be doin' suthin' else, don't you see? You understand what I mean?"

It was his known peculiarity that he always seemed to be suffering from an inability for lucid expression, and the fear of being misunderstood in regard to the most patent or equally the most unimportant details of his speech, all of which, however, was in very remarkable contrast to his perfectly clear and penetrating eyes.

Wayne gravely assured him that he was not interrupting him in any way.

"I often thought—that is, I had an idea—you understand what I mean—of stoppin' in passing. You and me, you see, are sorter alike; we don't seem to jibe in with the gin'ral gait o' the camp. You understand what I mean? We ain't in the game, eh? You see what I'm after?"

Madison Wayne glanced half mechanically at McGee's revolver. McGee's clear eyes at once took in the glance.

"That's it! You understand? *You* with them books of yours, and me with my shootin'-iron, we're sort o' different from the rest, and ought to be kinder like partners. You understand what I mean? We keep this camp in check. We hold a full hand, and don't stand no bluffing."

"If you mean there is some effect in Christian example and the life of a God-fearing man—" began Madison, gravely.

"That's it. God-fearin' or revolver-fearin', it amounts to the same when you come down to the hard-pan and bed-rock," interrupted McGee. "I ain't expectin' you to think much of my style, but I go a heap on yours, even if I can't play your game. And I sez to my wife, 'Safie'—her that trots around with me sometimes—I sez 'Safie, I oughter know that man, and shall. And I want *you* to know him.' Hol' on," he added, quickly, as Madison rose with a flushed face and a perturbed gesture. "Ye don't understand. I see wot's in your mind, don't you see. When I married my wife, and brought her down here, knowin' this yer camp, I sez: 'No flirtin', no foolin', no philanderin' here, my dear. You're young, and don't know the ways o' men. The first man I see you talkin' with I shoot. You needn't fear, my dear, for accidents. I kin shoot all round you, under your arm, across your shoulders, over your head, and between your fingers, my dear, and never start skin or fringe or ruffle; but I don't miss *him*. You sorter understand what I mean,' sez I, 'so don't.' Ye've noticed how my wife is respected, Mr. Wayne? Queen Victoria sittin' on her throne ain't in it with my Safie. But when I see *you* not herdin' with that cattle, never liftin' your eyes to me or Safie as we pass, never hangin' round the saloons and jokin' nor winkin' or slingin' muddy stories about women, but prayin' and readin' Scripter stories here along with your brother, I sez to myself, I sez: 'Sandy, ye kin take off your revolver and hang up your shot-gun when *he's* around. For 'twixt *him* and your wife ain't no revolver, but the fear o' God and hell and damnation and the world to come.' You understand what I mean, don't ye? Ye sorter follow my lead, eh? Ye can see what I'm shootin' round, don't ye? So I want you to come up neighborly like, and drop in to see my wife."

Madison Wayne's face became set and hard again, but he advanced towards McGee with the book against his breast and his finger between the leaves. "I already know your wife, Mr. McGee. I saw her before *you* ever met her. I was engaged to her. I loved her; and, as far as man may love the wife of another and keep the commands of this Book, I love her still!"

To his surprise, McGee, whose calm eyes had never dimmed or blenched, after regarding him curiously, took the volume from him, laid it on the table, opened it, turned its leaves critically, said, earnestly, "That's the law here, is it?" and then held out his hand. "Shake!"

Madison Wayne hesitated, and then grasped his hand.

"Ef I had known this," continued McGee, "I reckon I wouldn't have been so hard on Safie, and so partikler. She's better than I took her for—havin' had you for a beau. You understand what I mean? You foller me—don't ye? I allus kinder wondered why she took me, but sens you've told me that *you* used to spark her—in your God-fearin' way,—I reckon it kinder prepared her for *me*. You understand? Now you come up—won't ye?"

"I will call some evening with my brother," said Wayne, embarrassingly.

"With which?" demanded McGee.

"My brother Arthur. We usually spend the evenings together."

McGee paused, leaned against the door-post, and fixing his clear eyes on Wayne, said: "Ef it's all the same to you, I'd rather you did not bring him. You understand what I mean? You follow me? No other man but you and me. I ain't sayin' anything agin your brother; but you see how it is—don't you?—just me and you."

"Very well, I will come," said Wayne, gloomily. But as McGee backed out of the door, he followed him, hesitatingly. Then with an effort he seemed to recover himself, and said, almost harshly: "I ought to tell you another thing—that I have seen and spoken to Mrs. McGee since she came to the Bar. She fell into the water last week, and I swam out and dragged her ashore. We talked, and spoke of the past."

"She fell in!" echoed McGee.

Wayne hesitated. Then a murky blush came into his face as he slowly repeated, "She *fell* in."

McGee's eyes only brightened. "I have been too hard on her. She might have drowned ef you hadn't took risks. You see? You understand what I mean? And she never let out anything about it, and never boasted o' *you* helpin' her out. All right—you'll come along and see her agin." He turned and walked cheerfully away.

Wayne re-entered the cabin. He sat for a long time by the window until the stars came out above the river, and another star—with which he had been long familiar—took its place apparently in the heart of the wooded crest of the little promontory. Then the fringing woods on the opposite shore became a dark level line across the landscape, and the color seemed to fade out of the moist shining gravel before his cabin. Presently the silhouette of his dark face disappeared from the window, and Mr. McGee might have been gratified to know that he had slipped to his knees before the chair whereon he had been sitting, and that his head was bowed before it on his clasped hands. In a little while he arose again, and dragging a battered old portmanteau from the corner, took out a number of letters tied up in a package, with which from time to time he slowly fed the flame that flickered on his hearth. In this way the windows of the cabin at times sprang into light, making a somewhat confusing beacon for the somewhat confused Arthur Wayne, who was returning from a visit to Angel's, and who had fallen into that slightly morose and irritated state which follows excessive hilarity, and is also apt to indicate moral misgivings.

But the last letter was burnt and the cabin quite dark when he entered. His brother was sitting by the slowly dying fire, and he trusted that in that uncertain light any observation of his expression or manner—of which he himself was uneasily conscious—would pass unheeded.

"You are late," said Madison, gravely.

At which his brother rashly assumed the aggressive. He was no later than the others; and if the Rogers boys were good enough to walk with him for company, he couldn't run ahead of them just because his brother was waiting. He didn't want any supper—had had something at the Cross-Roads with the others. Yes, *whiskey*—if he wanted to know. People couldn't keep coffee and temperance drinks just to please him and his brother, and he wasn't goin' to insult the others by standing aloof. Anyhow, he had never taken the pledge—and as long as he hadn't, he couldn't see why he should refuse a single glass! As it was, everybody said he was a milksop and a tenderfoot, and he was just sick of it!

Madison rose and lit a candle, and held it up before his brother's face. It was a handsome youthful face that looked into his, flushed with the excitement of novel experiences, and perhaps a more material stimulation. The little silken mustache was ostentatiously curled; the brown curls were redolent of bear's-grease. Yet there was a certain boyish timidity and nervousness in the defiance of his blue eyes that momentarily touched the elder brother. "I've been too hard with him," he said to himself, half consciously recalling what McGee had said of Safie. He put the candle down, laid his hand gently on Arthur's shoulder, and said, with a certain cautious tenderness, "Come, Arty, sit down and tell me all about it."

Whereupon the mercurial Arthur, not only relieved of his nervousness, but of his previous ethical doubts and remorse, became gay and voluble. He had finished his purchases at Angel's, and the storekeeper had introduced him to Colonel Starbottle, of Kentucky, as one of "the Waynes who had made Wayne's Bar famous." Colonel Starbottle had said, in his pompous fashion—yet he wasn't such a bad fellow, after all—that the Waynes ought to be represented in the councils of the State, and that he, Starbottle, would be proud to nominate Madison for the next Legislature, and run him, too. "And you know, really, Mad, if you mixed a little more with folks, and they weren't—well—sorter *afraid* of you—you could do it. Why, I've made a heap o' friends over there just by goin' round a little; and one of old Selvedge's girls—the storekeeper, you know—said, from what she'd heard of us, she always thought I was about fifty, and turned up the whites of my eyes instead of the ends of my mustache. She's mighty smart. Then the postmaster has got his wife and three daughters out from the States, and they've asked me to come over to their church festival next week. It isn't our church, of course, but I suppose it's all right." This and much more with the volubility of relieved uneasiness.

When he stopped, out of breath, Madison said, "*I* have had a visitor since you left—Mr. McGee."

"And his wife?" asked Arthur, quickly.

Madison flushed slightly. "No; but he asked me to go and see her."

"That's *her* doin', then," returned Arthur, with a laugh. "She's always lookin' round the corners of her eyes at me when she passes. Why, John Rogers was joking me about her only yesterday, and said McGee would blow a hole through me some of these days if I didn't look out! Of course," he added, affectedly curling his mustache, "that's nonsense! But you know how they talk; and she's too pretty for that fellow McGee."

"She has found a careful helpmate in her husband," said Madison, sternly; "and it's neither seemly nor Christian in you, Arthur, to repeat the idle profane gossip of the Bar. I knew her before her marriage, and if she was not a professing Christian—she was, and is, a pure good woman! Let us have no more of this."

Whether impressed by the tone of his brother's voice, or only affected by his own mercurial nature, Arthur changed the subject to further voluble reminiscences of his trip to Angel's. Yet he did not seem embarrassed nor disconcerted when his brother, in the midst of his speech, placed the candle and the Bible on the table, with two chairs before it. He listened to Madison's monotonous reading of the evening exercise with equally monotonous respect. Then they both arose, without looking at each other, but with equally set and stolid faces, and knelt down before their respective chairs, clasping the backs with both hands, and occasionally drawing the hard wooden frames against their breasts convulsively, as if it were a penitential act. It was the elder brother who that night prayed aloud; it was his voice that rose higher by degrees above the low roof and encompassing walls, the level river camp lights that trembled through the window, the dark belt of river-side trees, and the light on the promontory's crest—up to the tranquil passionless stars themselves.

With these confidences to his Maker this chronicle does not lie, obtrusive and ostentatious though they were in tone and attitude. Enough that they were a general arraignment of humanity, the Bar, himself and his brother, and, indeed, much that his Maker had created and permitted. That through this hopeless denunciation still lingered some human feeling and tenderness might have been shown by the fact that at its close his hands trembled and his face was bedewed by tears. And his brother was so deeply affected that he resolved hereafter to avoid all evening prayers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Death may be viewed as less enemy than friend to those fortunate men whose special life work has been purposeful from the first, distinguished by success and honors, and granted a ripe completeness. The death of Mr. Francis Parkman, which occurred at his home in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, Massachusetts, on Wednesday of last week, subtracts a figure of peculiar nobility from the now very small group of American men of letters contemporary in activity with Hawthorne and Bryant, Longfellow and Lowell, and more particularly with such eminent toilers in the field of history as Prescott and Motley. Mr. Parkman's individuality and achievements shine with clear lustre, even in association with the brightness of the last two names; and the notable series of volumes due to him, upon our early history, are a memorial to him of his own making in which we may feel a national pride. Mr. Parkman was born in 1823, of a stock honored in the story of the commerce and pulpit of Massachusetts. His college was Harvard. Very early his bent toward historical study, and toward adventure more or less a part of it, bore practical fruit. His vacations were passed in historic, often in wild, localities of New England and New York State; toward 1850 he embodied part of some experiences of a certain journey which he undertook across the country (under something like pioneer conditions) in his *The Oregon Trail*—a book which immediately drew general attention to the author as a marked, if young, writer, promising much. This début, however, was almost overlooked when he presently threw himself far more into the thoroughly historical current, and began to put forth member after member of that series of works devoted to illustrating particularly the pre-Revolutionary period of our country, continuing the undertaking with researches of the most arduous and original nature, collecting and adjusting the masses of material desired with no sparing of time or expense, and accomplishing no small part of it with that indomitable resolution which makes light of ill health, and even of a temporary loss of sight. A quiet determination, the genius which is shown in part through concentration on details, expressed itself in those books, now well known to America and far beyond our country's reading public, in which our history became fascinating as romance, while never deflected from truth. It is only necessary to recall the titles of such volumes as *The Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865), *The Jesuits in North America* (1867), *The Great West* (1869), *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874), *Count Frontenac and New France* (1877), *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), and the series was concluded with *A Half-Century of Conflict* (1892)—with which last the author practically laid down his pen, a life task fulfilled; fulfilled with the happiness of complete recognition of its significance and uniqueness.

In Parkman's hand history charms as only the finer fiction can charm. Clear, sober, and elegant in his style, a natural artist in his diction, he gave picturesqueness, life, movement, to what he wished to set before his reader. The child and adult reader alike find him acceptable. He sacrificed nothing to mere literary effect—sincerity was of his essence. Passages in his books linger in one's memory like chords of grave music; but not as if the lamp and premeditation had enabled them to be put into the page. To Americans his works are of thoroughly high interest and importance; and even in view of the impermanency of so much that is delightful, useful, and distinguished in the world's literature, it is not easy to fancy that they can be superseded.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

OUR ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

When the history of the development of American sport is written, the horse will fill one of the longest and most important chapters. We are indeed a progressive nation, and our horsemen have kept pace with the advance. How short a time it is, not over a dozen years, since there were neither horse shows nor any especially concerted movement outside the trotting-stables for the improvement of our horseflesh. As a nation we have always had an inclination towards good stock, and individual cases are numerous where considerable money has been expended in that direction. The horse shows of this country are legion, and they are not all within the walls of Madison Square Garden, or any other city amphitheatre. The stock farms and ranches South and West, that represent thousands upon thousands of dollars, some invested for the love of it, some as a business venture, are, after all, the national horse shows of the United States.

But I do not mean for an instant to detract from the New York show which is in progress this week at Madison Square Garden. It must be considered our national show from its importance in the horse-breeding world, and the quality of entries it attracts annually. It is about nine years ago that the National Association held its first show, and to those who remember it well and are this week walking about the stalls of the entries of the 1893 exhibition the improvement seems incredible. Nor has the improvement been only in the horseflesh, for the general equipment has advanced to an equally marked degree. Traps, harness, and what is called the "get up," have long since left the ordinary and reached the "smart" stage.

Rarely nowadays do we see the bizarre effects in equipage that were wont not so long ago to set our teeth on edge. One need not await the opening of the Madison Square doors to note this. It is a daily show for those who care to go up to the Park and watch the long line of afternoon drivers returning through the Fifth Avenue entrance. Maybe you will note a stray black sheep now and then, possibly see a cockade on the box of some brougham, where newness without hints of newness within; but the sight is not a frequent one. And the increase of gentlemen whips is quite as noteworthy. The appearance of a tandem in the Park used to be a sight for the gods, and a signal for calling out the police reserves; but it is not so any more. Tandems are plentiful, and though it is still possible to see that distressed look of uncertainty in an afternoon's drive, it is the exception where formerly it was the rule. Not a single class has been passed over by the general wave of progress; besides which it has rolled one or two new ones into prominence. The hackney has come upon us inside of three years in all his glory; our moneyed horsemen have spent thousands on him alone, and visitors at the show this week will see more of him than of any other single individual. We speak of this week's show as "our" show because it really does stand for our national progress in horseflesh. There are others of considerable prominence given at different points, but no one attracts the widespread interest or holds the diversity or quality of entries as the New York affair, which is accounted for by the fact of our ranking as a city, and the further fact that New York is the centre of all waves of progress, and we are the people.

Philadelphia has the distinction of holding the second-best show (an open-air one); Boston has held one or two in the winter with success; Chicago's one attempt was a dire failure, owing to miserable management.

But the horses are not the only show at Madison Square Garden this week. There is a beauty show second to none in the world, with who shall say how many faultlessly gowned entries, returned from the summer outing to begin the winter's social campaign by a bit of preliminary skirmishing at the Horse Show!

It is beauty and the beast done over on improved lines.

THE MATABELE WAR.

The British have been waging another little war in South Africa, and angry echoes of it have of course been heard at Westminster, where all the British linen is exhibited, whether it be fair or foul, or whether it ever be washed or left to be dirty. Persons with inquisitive minds have been anxious to know what this war was about, and numerous have been the answers. The British government says that the war has been occasioned by the depredations of the Matabeles into the British territory of Mashonaland, and the unwillingness and inability of Lo Bengula, King of Matabele, to give to Sir Henry Loch, Governor of Cape Colony, assurances that these depredations and incursions into British territory would cease. On the other hand, the English radicals, led by Mr. Henry Labouchere, insist that the war is waged merely to extend the possessions of the South African Chartered Company, and so to raise the price of the shares that are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. Doubtless there is something in both of these statements, for Lo Bengula could not maintain his supremacy as king and at the same time entirely suppress the depredations of the young warriors of his tribes. They are predatory by nature, and any serious effort to suppress them would have resulted in the overthrow and probably the execution of the king. Lo Bengula, who is not all savage, knew this, and Sir Henry Loch knew better than to trust to assurances which, if the king had given, he could not have kept. Therefore, war was an administrative necessity. And it is no secret that the Matabele country is richer in minerals than Mashonaland, and therefore would be a very valuable possession to a speculative company trembling on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Labouchere is very probably more than half right in his charge that the South African Company has fomented the trouble.

But the real cause of the war is to be found in human nature itself, and if one thing had not brought it on this year, something else would have caused it the next year or the year after. European civilization cannot exist next door to African savagery. This was the condition in the part of South Africa under consideration. A little study of the map of South Africa will show that Lo Bengula's people were almost surrounded by European territory and armed forts. It was inevitable that the savages would come in conflict with the Europeans, and that the contest would afford another illustration of the truth of the theory that the fittest would be the survivors. On the north of Matabele, separated by a narrow strip of Portuguese territory, the British have the Zambezi River, on which ply two strong British gunboats. On the south the British have the Transvaal, and that part of British Bechuanland known as Khama's Country, and which, still further west, adjoins the German Southwest African possessions. On the east the British are separated from the Indian Ocean by Portuguese territory as settled by the convention of 1890, but through which they possess the right of way from Port Beira, which has just been doubly assured by Mr. Rhodes's new railway. The Portuguese have held a thousand miles of coast-line for three centuries, but have not done so much in the way of colonization in all that time as the British have done in a very few years. Now these Matabele boundaries are guarded by British forts as follows: Macloutsie and Tuli to the south, and forts Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury to the east and northeast. These forts are from 100 to 250 miles distant from Lo Bengula's chief kraal, Buluwayo, and the movements of his 200,000 people, 15,000 of whom are fighting-men, are kept under constant observation. The British officers in South Africa have been sure that this conflict would come, and we may be sure that they have done nothing to prevent it. In an English journal we hear Colonel Sir F. Carrington, lately commanding the Bechuanland border police, bemoaning the sad chance by which he was induced to resign his post there and return home just before hostilities began. This officer says that Lo Bengula and his people must be driven out of their country, so as to make room for British colonists.

Lo Bengula has been King of Matabele since 1870. His father was a noted Zulu general, who rebelled against Cetywayo and set up a kingdom of his own. At thirty years of age, when Lo Bengula succeeded to the chieftainship of this savage kingdom, he was partly civilized, and wore European clothes. He has long since forsaken these for the more congenial monkey-skins and feathers of his forefathers. He is very corpulent, but those who have seen him represent him as looking every inch a king. Mr. Rider Haggard and Mr. Seleous, another South African explorer, represent Lo Bengula as a bloodthirsty savage not one whit better than the bloodthirsty people over whom he rules with arbitrary cruelty. Others say that he is as good a man and ruler as his environment will permit him to be. These say that he has to be arbitrary in his rule, or else abdicate; they represent him as just in his decisions and faithful in his promises. For practical purposes it does not now appear to be of consequence what kind of man Lo Bengula is or was, for the power of the Matabele king has been effectually and finally overthrown, and that in quick order.

When it was decided that hostilities should begin against the Matabeles there were concerted movements from the various British stations surrounding the doomed savages. The troops consisted of border police, colonists who had volunteered, some English regulars, and the tribes from Khama's Country, numbering some 5000. The British forces numbered something like 2000 men, and the men were splendidly armed, each command having several machine-guns—Maxims and Gatlings—and seven-pounder cannons. Skirmish after skirmish took place, but the Matabeles could do nothing against their European adversaries. They attacked again and again, with the same kind of bravery that made the Zulus such formidable foes, but the machine-guns were too much for them. At length, toward the end of October, Lo Bengula gathered his people together, and made a stand near his chief kraal, Buluwayo. Though he outnumbered the whites ten to one, he had no chance whatever, and in a few minutes so many of his men were killed that his army broke and flew. While the negroes were in the open the machine-guns mowed them down as a reaping-machine mows wheat. When the English advanced on Buluwayo they found the kraal deserted, and that Lo Bengula and his people had fled to the hills, where at present it will be impracticable to follow them, on account of the rainy season, which has already begun.

The Matabeles are a warlike and slave-owning people. They are not as manly as Zulus, as the fathers of the present generation intermarried with the timid women from Mashonaland, and the descendants show the effects of the mixture of blood. In their own country the men will not work, leaving all menial occupation to women and slaves. Taken away, however, from their native influences, they make excellent laborers, and it is thought that the breaking up of the tribes will be of great benefit in furnishing new laborers for the struggling industries of the Cape Colony.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

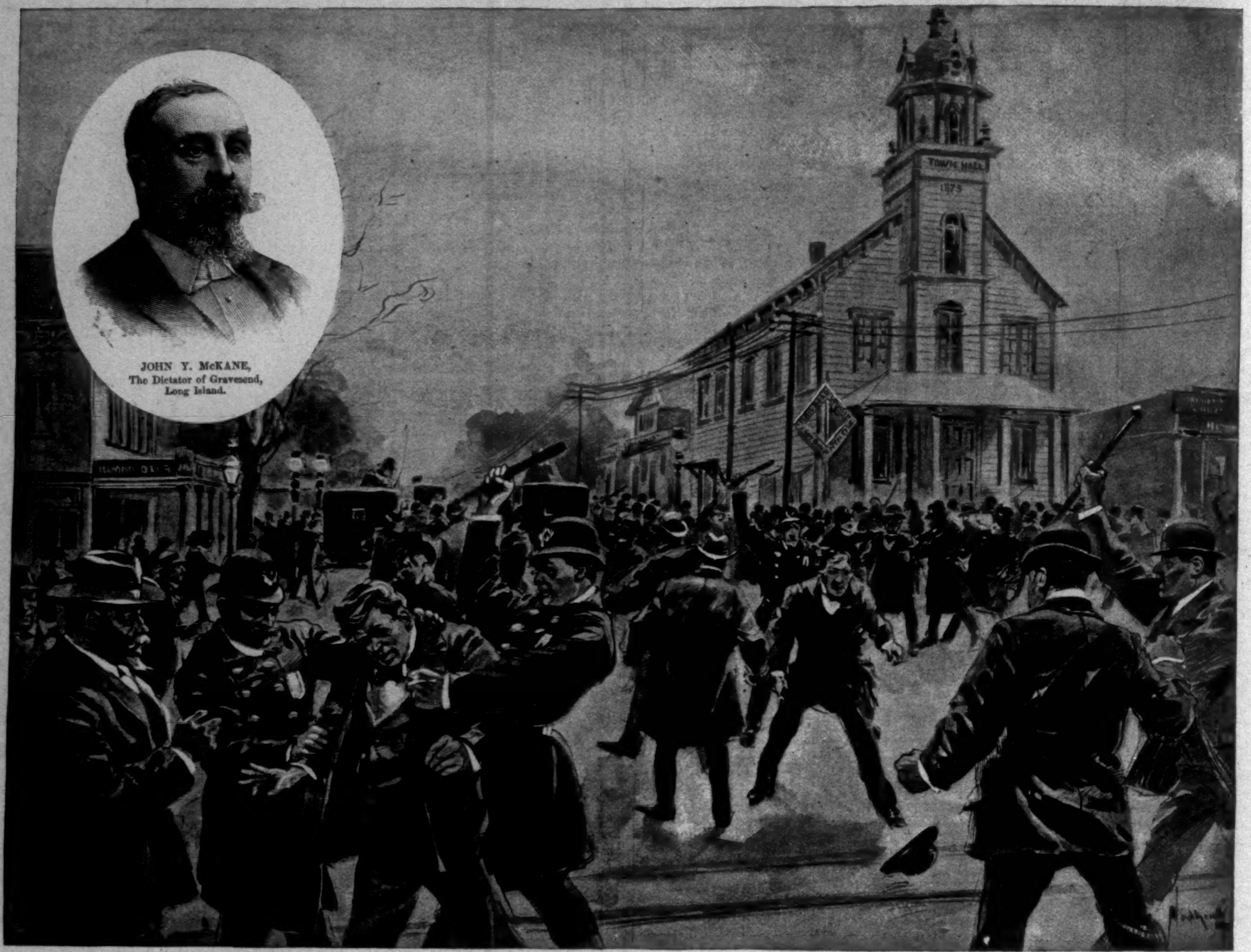
There is fashion in flowers as well as in dress, and though our women may look to Paris and our men to London for pointers on apparel, the standard and fashion in flowers are set for this country at the annual flower show in New York.

As the chrysanthemum is still the fashionable flower, it appropriately dominated the fall exhibition of the Florist's Club which closes next Saturday at the Industrial Palace on Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street.

At a first glance the impression was of a chrysanthemum show, pure and simple. Wherever one looked, on every hand, were the great white, yellow, crimson tousle-headed beauties. Valuable prizes had been offered for them in one hundred and three hundred square feet lots, and the entries had been sufficiently numerous to fill the great hall of the building. Still, tucked away under the galleries were many entries for the prizes offered for other varieties of flowers, but as the prizes were smaller in value, the entries were not many, though the specimens on exhibition were in most instances very fine. Under the north gallery a somewhat larger crowd than elsewhere showed where the roses were, and where the real affections of the people were placed, in whatever other direction they might be swayed by the fad or fashion of the hour. Gorgeous as was the display of the almost countless varieties of the splendid Japanese chrysanthemum, which has practically driven out our modest little common or garden Chinese chrysanthemum, it loses much of its strikingly picturesque out-door effect when displayed in hundred-yard lots and in "groups arranged for effect." The little tickets with the names of the different specimens, which are largely those of more or less well-known people, as Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, Joey Hill, George William Childs, Colonel W. B. Smith, H. E. Widener, Maria Simpson, and Emma Hitzeroth, convey the impression of visiting-cards, and cause the looker-on to feel that he should not approach these haughty blooms familiarly, or without the formality of an introduction. Messrs. Pitcher & Manda, of Short Hills, carried off the lion's share of the chrysanthemum prizes, but Mr. W. Bayard Cutting and Mr. L. R. Powell earned well-deserved premiums, the former for large displays of uniform excellence, and the latter for exceptionally fine individual specimens. The Golden Wedding, which was a great favorite last year, still holds a place in the front rank, but the hairy flowered or ostrich-plumed varieties have been relegated to the button-holes of imitation dudes from flatland.

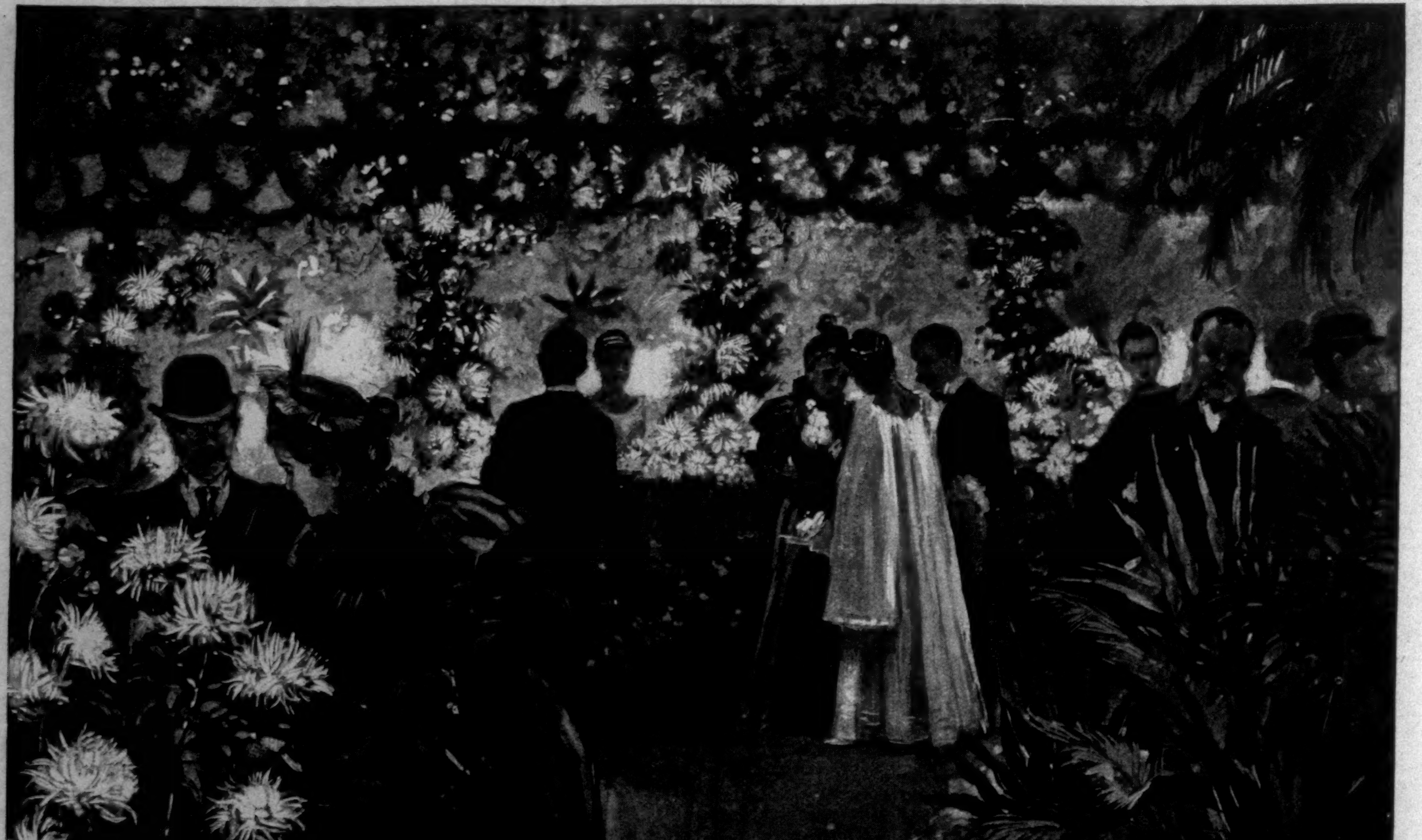
Not the least interesting part of the exhibition is that devoted to new plants, which florists seem to invent much as Edison does telephones, phonographs, and electric-light plants. The most striking of this year's crop are a large green foliage plant with great silvery splashes, and a pretty little red-leaved acanthad with a name long enough to tie it up with and send it home.

A strong effort has been put forth to make this a comprehensive and representative exhibition, and it has certainly surpassed in general excellence those of previous years. It is to be hoped that in future exhibitions a still more general interest will be taken by growers, many of whom seem to stay out under the impression that a few of the largest houses are bound to gather in most of the premiums. Perhaps a more liberal offer of prizes for flowers not largely the specialties of some of the big dealers would contribute best to that result.

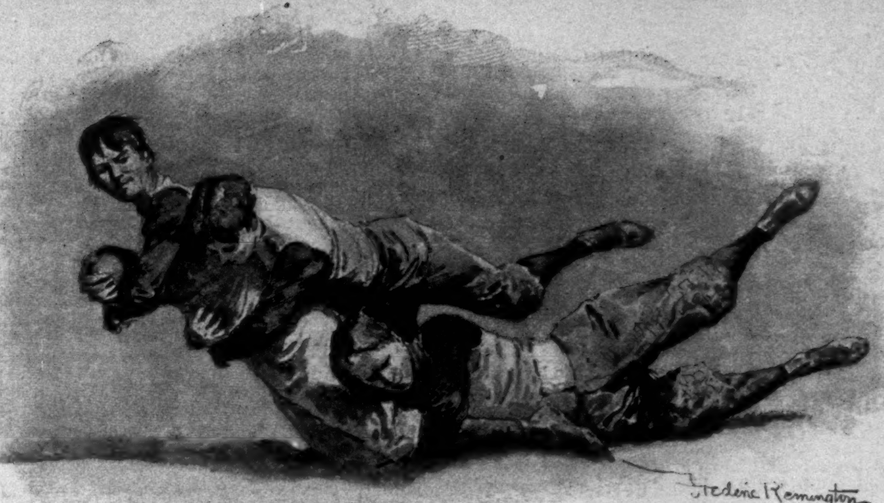


JOHN Y. McKANE,
The Dictator of Gravesend,
Long Island.

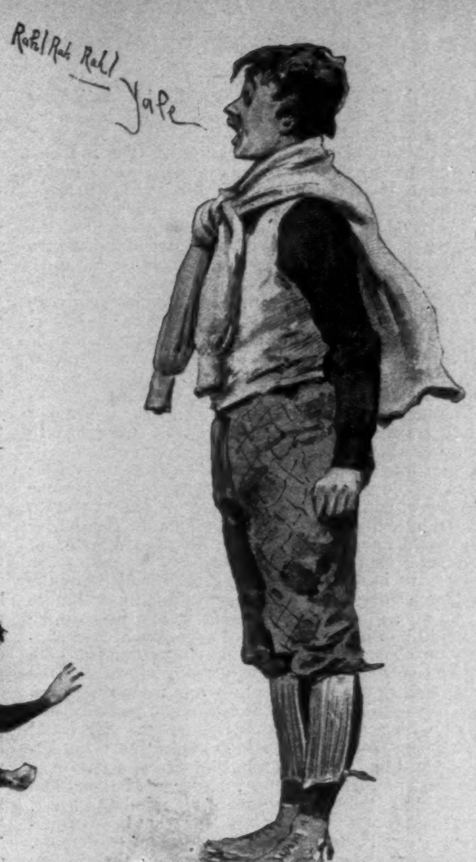
A REBELLION IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY NADHERNY.
John Y. McKane's police at Gravesend defy the order of the Supreme Court.—[See Page 1110.]



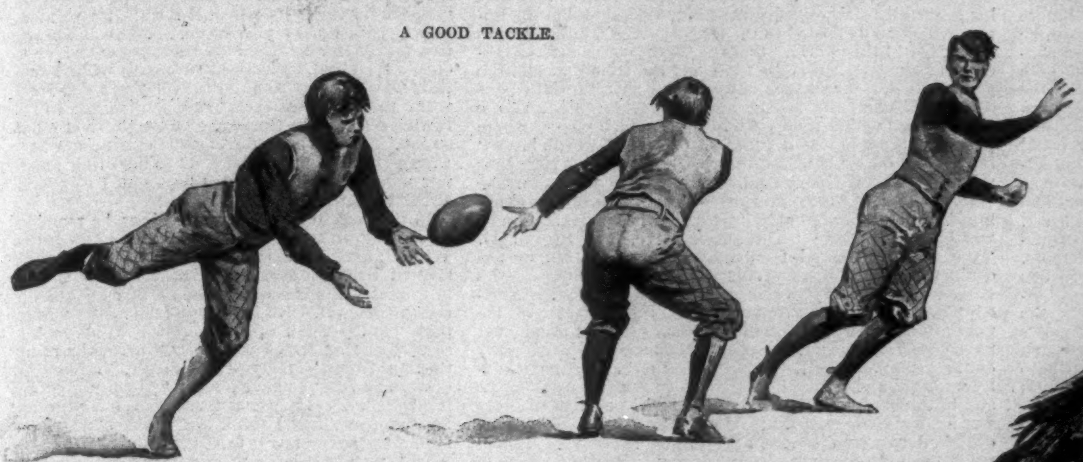
NEW YORK'S ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.—DRAWN BY VICTOR PERARD.—[SEE PAGE 1099.]
A World of Chrysanthemums.


Frederic Remington

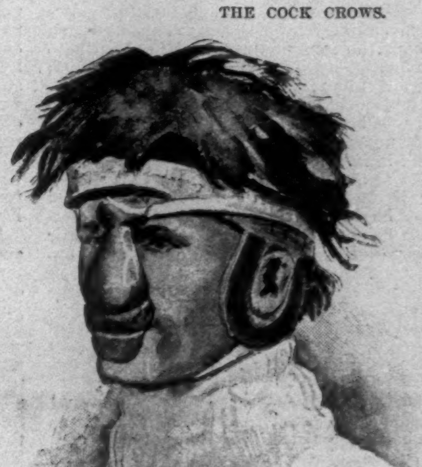
A GOOD TACKLE.


Rah! Rah! Rah!
Yale

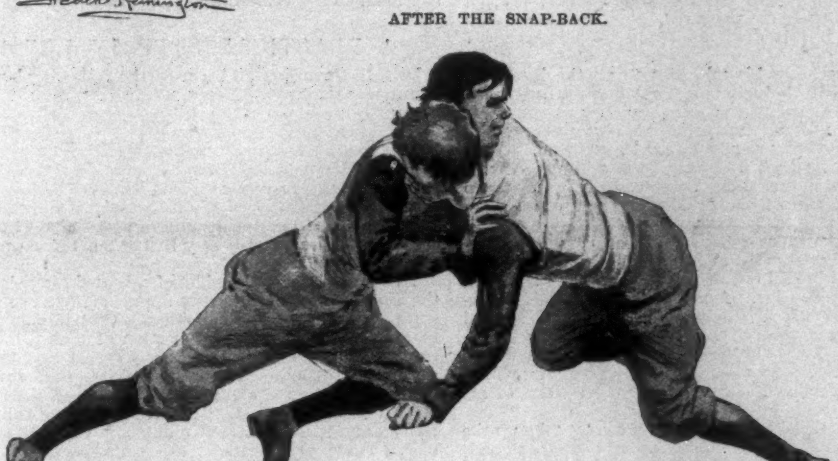
THE COCK CROWS.


Frederic Remington

AFTER THE SNAP-BACK.



FOOTBALL ARMOR.



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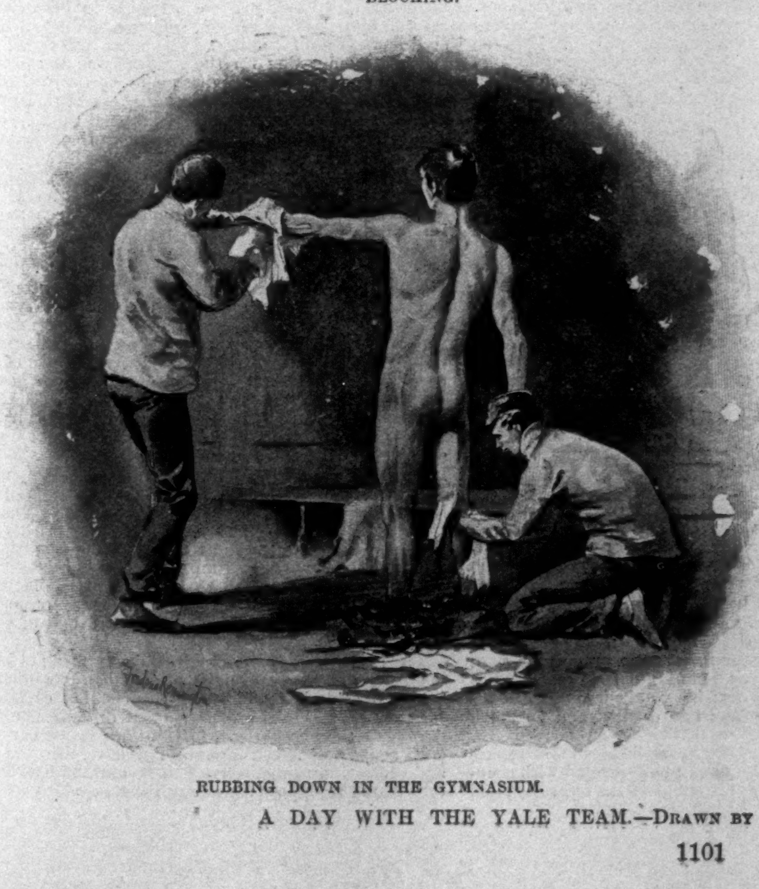
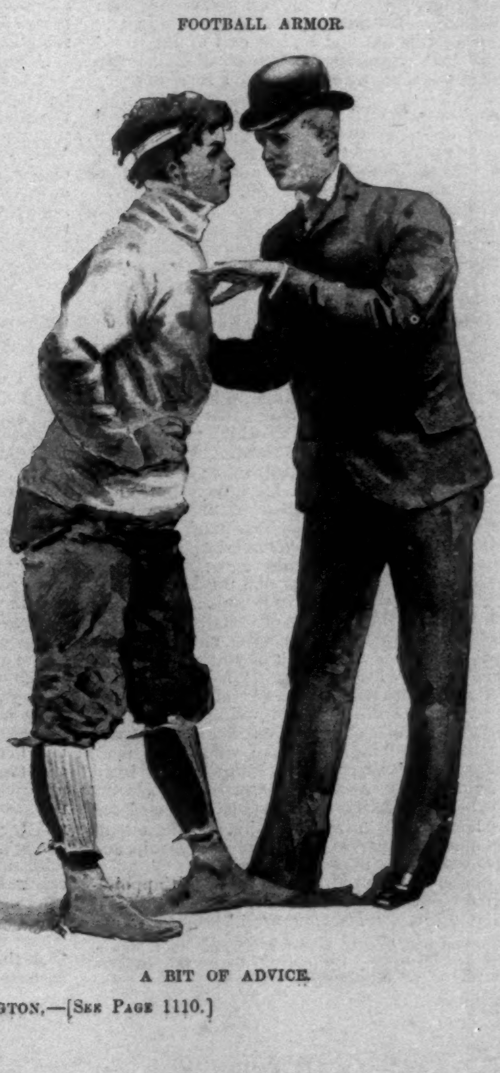

Frederic Remington

RUBBING DOWN IN THE GYMNASIUM.



A BIT OF ADVICE.

A DAY WITH THE YALE TEAM.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

A GREAT deal of the work in this world, which tells most for quality in it, is of the sort that hides itself below the effect. Perhaps this is Nature's habit, but the modesty of Nature is a trait of hers so rarely imitated that it seems doubly a duty to recognize it when we find it, and I gladly pay my devoir to the self-denying skill and grace of Professor Norton in letting Lowell's life appear in his letters as if there had been no effort to adjust the perspective, but the likeness we find there had simply presented itself. As a matter of fact, the work of selection and arrangement must have been very great, as the work of exclusion must have been very difficult; and it must all have been done in such embarrassment of riches as seldom hampers an editor. Lowell was a constant and generous letter-writer; and he gave himself in the measure of his own full mind rather than in that of his correspondent's merit; so that it would be safe to conjecture a quantity at least twice as great as the bulk of these two large volumes, with their eight or nine hundred pages. From the mass the editor had to choose what would best represent the character of the writer, and impart him to the reader in such sort as the reader had a right to know him. In all good ways this is done with an effect of entire unreserve; from his letters you do know Lowell intimately, but not with the undue familiarity which he would have shrunk from. He was a lover of man, but among men he distinguished, and his editor has kept this always in mind in guarding the sanctities of the poet's soul from vulgar curiosity, from sympathy still more vulgar. As far as his direct intervention is concerned, he has permitted himself a few words of narrative at the opening of certain chapters, and some sparing comment here and there, and now and then a note of the briefest. All the rest is in Lowell's own letters, as he wrote them through a long life, always with literary conscience, and perhaps toward the last with some literary consciousness. He could not help knowing that people could not help treasuring letters so delightful and important, but he was of a nature so essentially sincere that even the prescience of their final publicity could not taint the outflow of his mind and heart.

Perhaps I had better put heart first, for what is most precious in the letters is their human warmth and tenderness, not only as it expresses itself to this friend or that in one letter or another, but as it pervades the whole personal utterance of the writer. Whenever it is a question of the rights of weak and friendless men, one noble instinct glows in him, after he has escaped from the environment which at the very first kept him from finding himself. That is to say, in the beginning, he was like most of the refined and cultivated people about him; he despised the sort of comeouter he became with as high a disdain as they could have desired; but this was before he put away childish things. It was in his early manhood that he learned the true way, and began to walk in it. Toward the last, there was a return to race in him, as there is in all of us, but it was on a far loftier level; if the curve of the spiral brought him back to the point he had left long before, it was on a height from which he could look down on it. In a letter written scarcely a year from his death, he expresses a humorous despair of equality, but he confesses that a book dealing with some phases of the labor question, which he has been reading, has made his "inherited comforts discomforting" to him. "I felt....as I used when the slave would not let me sleep," he says, and the reader can well believe that he was essentially the same when he wrote this as he was nearly fifty years before, when he wrote, "I do not much value the antislavery feeling of a man who would not have been an abolitionist even if no such abomination as American slavery had ever existed." He did not become an abolitionist without becoming everything that abolitionism spiritually implied, without having his horizons widened to the utmost bounds of the world. "For my part," he writes to an old friend in New York, "I had rather be eye-witness to all the cruelties done upon the Southern plantations than to see your poor harlots flaunting up and down Broadway." Because he felt the cruelest and foulest evil of the world in all its atrocity, he was not blind to the smaller abominations; his sense of one great wrong included a sense of every wrong.

He kept a mind open to all the claims that could be urged in behalf of the oppressed, whether they suffered from a Southern slave-driver, or an Austrian or Russian despot, or the little tyrant of the domestic roof, or a nation that plundered foreign authors. But he was one of the most tolerant men that ever lived, so much so that I think he would have invented toleration if Roger Williams had not been before him. To his "sweet reasonableness" there was something of reason on any side that a man espoused, or at least some reason for his espousing it which was not discreditable to him, but often greatly to his honor. Sin he hated; but he would not have cut off the sinner, and he liked to account for the wrong-doer. He liked to account even for the good man when he did wrong, and he wrote to a friend who conceived himself to have been injured by Garrison: "Remember that Garrison was so long in a position where he alone was right and all the world wrong, that such a position has created in him a habit of mind which may remain, though circumstances have wholly changed....For the very reason that Garrison has done an injustice to you, I would not have you do one to him, because I love you." He had a profound insight into human nature, if not into men, and patience and forbearance for what he often found there. He comforted himself with the race's potentialities when its actualities would have driven weaker and ignobler men to despair. The good thing was for him the faint symbol of the less tangible good within the soul which never quite becomes the thing, either in æsthetics or ethics. "You are a great deal better than anything you write, and Page than anything he paints, and I always think of you without your pen, and of him without his brushes. If I did not think that I was better than my books, I should never dream of writing another. But I do dream of writing many, and such too as shall more fully express the real and whole me, and better justify the opinion of those who know me." There are glimpses of this largeness and sunny breadth in all these incomparable letters. As soon as he sat down to address one of them he became a friend to the man he addressed, and all narrowing bounds fell away from him, and the clouds left his sky, so much to him was human companionship, and so great was his will to love his fellow-man.

I think that the scanty return his kindness met disappointed and surprised him through life, and in his young life it certainly wounded him. "I am annoyed," he says in one of the early letters, "at being misconceived by meaner men—not as a poet but as a man. My sorrows are not literary ones, but those of daily life. I pass through the world and meet with scarcely a response to the affectionateness of my nature," and though this is probably the outcry of a despondent mood, there is no doubt something of a constant feeling in it. He had to bear a great deal of misconception to the very last, when he should have been fully understood by those who thought him a lost leader, or recreant in any wise to the purpose or the promise of his youth. He would doubtless have said in the eighties as he said in the forties, "As for the two great parties which divide this country, I for one dare to say that democracy does belong to neither of them, and certainly to neither exclusively"; but in the later time, with others of our best and truest men, he trusted a party identified with the worst things in our history against a party unfaithful in many things to the hopes it had inspired, and he had not finally the vision of his youth, when he saw "a third party, or rather no party, secretly rising in this country, whose voice will soon be heard."

It would not be strange, indeed, if he were no longer quite the radical he had been in former days. He had seen accomplished in his lifetime things that the process of centuries could hardly have been expected to bring about, and he might well have been content to rest from the strife of soul which had begun with him so long before; he might without self-reproach have taken his pleasure in the dreams dear to the poet above all actualities. Besides, it will be borne in upon the reader of his letters that Lowell, however radical he was at any time, was at no time a fanatic. Not only his generosity and tolerance kept him from that, but the humor which he dedicated to the highest office that humor has ever filled in this world. Before him there was always cruelty in laughter; it was the weak and the friendless and the grotesque that it was turned upon; but with Lowell it was directed against the strong and the respectable and the vested; for the first time, even in the "golden clime" where poets are born, it was the "scorn of scorn." Still, he saw how funny the good man often was, how droll the righteous might be in their frenzy against wrong. He did not forsake them for that, but they must often have come near forsaking him for it, and there were intimations of the condemnation he was brought under. "The longer I live," he writes in '49, "the more convinced I am that we must (in our mental cabinet of natural history) enlarge the genera of our species Homo. I am willing to accept all kinds of men, even wicked ones among the rest (but do not tell this to the Executive Committee or you will ruin me)." Such a state of mind must have been dreadful, and little better than wickedness, to many of the zealots whom he patiently and meekly, if laughingly, wrought and suffered with; one can imagine their horror and bewilderment with a man who could pause in the holy war against slavery to ask: "Hath not a slave-holder hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?....If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh? If you poison them, do they not die? If you wrong them, shall they not revenge? Nay, I will go a step farther, and ask if this does not apply to parsons also? Even they are human!"

He is willing to bring his tolerance to all the isms that sprang up so plentifully in that day, or that epoch, and when the "doctrine of Fourier seems to be attracting a good deal of attention in Boston," he perceives that "there is a great deal of sound philosophy mixed up with much wild deduction in it. At least we ought to be willing to give a respectful hearing to anything that earnestly proposes to make man more aware of his high destiny, and to show him the plainest road thereto." But the methods of spiritualism make him laugh: "Tables speak as inspired, consolatory nothings are literally delivered *ex cathedrâ*. Bores whom we thought dead and buried out of the way long ago revive in washstands and bedsteads. A neighbor of ours has an exhorting boot-jack, and.... Judge Wells is such a powerful medium that he has to drive back the furniture from following him when he goes out, as one might a pack of too affectionate dogs. I have no doubt I shall meet him with a footstool gambolling at his side, or leaping up one of his reluctant legs."

It is no wonder that he finds "Reform cannot take up the whole of" him, and that "eyes are given us to look about us sometimes, as well as to be always looking forward," though he is aware that some of his "good red-hot friends" would call him a backslider if they knew of his saying so. With such eyes he saw that life was very comic as well as earnest and real, and the sense of it laughs from him in the sweetest fantasies, the most delicate and airy drollery. Sometimes the humor elaborates itself, and not to advantage, but this does not often happen, and usually it is the break from a serious or poetic mood. "We are having just such a spring as I love.... There never is such a season, and that shows what a poet God is. He says the same thing over to us often, and always new. Here I've been reading the same poem over for near half a century, and never had a notion what the buttercup in the third stanza meant before. But I won't tell.... Well, we must comfort ourselves with St. Paul's rather one-legged simile, I suppose. But I shall be happy to rise again after I'm planted, as fresh and undiscouraged as a pea." "I know a tree or two," he writes to the same friend, nearly twenty years later, "that I would swap with if I had my life to begin over again. Then one might be made into a violin, perhaps, or into a coffin for somebody one hated." All aspects of Nature he loved lifelong, with increasing pathos and tenderness, and with such a passionate sense of her charm as few even among the poets have felt. "How I do love the earth!" he breaks out. "I feel it thrill under my feet. I feel somehow as if it were conscious of my love, as if something passed into my dancing blood from it, and I get rid of that dreadful duty feeling—'What right have I to be?'—and not a golden-rod of them all soaks in the sunshine or feels the blue currents of the air eddy about him more thoughtlessly than I."

The wit, creative, graphic, picturesque, is the laughing side glance of his poetry, the relief of his purpose, but those who have loved Lowell most for his seriousness need not be afraid but they shall find enough of it in his letters here, and the reason for it. He was born a dreamer, and the "cursed spite" of the world out of joint, always tempting those who cannot bear the sight of the dislocation to turn bone-setters, made him a doer, for beauty's sake if not for righteousness' sake. This was in itself tragedy enough, but a heart too tender to all civic wrong was torn with such personal sorrows as do not often fall to men. His children died one after another; his young wife, soul of his soul, herself a poet of rare and fine quality, and an angel of lofty mission to him, followed them in an early death. There is no sweeter, purer story in the history of literature than the simple annals of the young pair devoted with a singleness that knew not self to the cause of the oppressed and the despised. Those who have come to think, in the presence of his later prosperity, that Lowell led a life of literary ease, of scholarly luxury, will do well to learn here how sparely and humbly he was content to live, if he might give all beyond a bare living to the slave, who needed his work more than he. Throughout his time of struggle, when his earnings came at most to four or five hundred a year, he was always contriving some way of giving his work to the cause he had espoused.

He had left the law because he could not love it, but he would have forsaken literature, which he did love with his whole heart, if he could not have made it serve the slave. He who was a poet through and through was most of all a poet in this noble ardor, but it is touching to read the passages of his letters in which he confides his literary hopes and tells of his poor literary gains. At twenty he writes, "Before I die your heart shall be gladdened by seeing your wayward, vain, and too often selfish friend do something that shall make his name honored," and he began to look forward to the embodiment of his work in a book; at twenty-two he published his first volume of verse. This would probably have doomed him as a lawyer if he had continued at the bar, but he did not wait for his sentence, he gave up the law, and as soon as might be, and he married on such hopes as materialized in an income pathetically small. "You know our circumstances exactly," he wrote, three years after the publication of his first book, when he had gone to Philadelphia to work on an antislavery newspaper. "All I ask for is enough for necessaries. Graham will no doubt give me (as he has done) $30 for a poem; my new book will pay me $100 for the first edition, if it sells; my volume of poetry may be called $50 a year more. . . . The antislavery Friends pay me $5 for a leader to their paper, which comes out once a fortnight, making $10 a month while I am here." In fact, he who knew to build the lofty rhyme so well, was always an indifferent architect when it came to his financial fortunes, and more than once he laughs over a bad business stroke. "But we are never done cutting eye-teeth. When I reflect on the dangers incident to dentition, and the incredible number of those teeth I have cut, I wonder I am alive at this minute."

In this, and in all other good things, he remained in some sort a child to the very last, as no one knew better than he. With all his wisdom and all his learning he kept himself unspotted from the world, not because he held aloof from it, but because his was one of the natures on which evil seems not to come off. He loved to dwell, as he wrote a brother poet, "in those fair upper chambers which look toward the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death," and he could not understand how any man should "by choice go down and live in his cellar." He was a great man, but pure and good as he was great; and I think the reader of these letters must feel, if he never felt before, that Lowell's greatness as humorist, poet, scholar, reformer, was not the measure of him as a man. He was himself beyond and above all that he did.

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* *Letters of James Russell Lowell.* Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. With three photogravure portraits. Published by Harper and Brothers. Two volumes. 8vo, cloth, uncut edges and gilt tops, $8 00. (In a box.)

A PRACTICAL STEP IN REFORM.

IN 1875 Governor Tilden used the following language in addressing the Buffalo Board of Trade: "While about your various callings and industries you leave the government to take care of itself, and men who mean to make money by plundering you give their nights and days to study out the methods; they are always at conventions and caucuses; they go to the Legislature, and while you are reposing in fancied safety, are plotting against your interest and rights. If you will permit me to offer a suggestion—I do not assume to advise—I only say that when bad men combine, good men should unite."

This was said in the midst of a heated campaign against the Canal Ring. It is clearly applicable to a less-disturbed state of public affairs and opinion. Certain young men belonging to the independent portion of each political party in New York city began, less than a year ago, to "unite" against the "combined" forces of evil in local government. Going out from the non-partisan City Club, the movement rapidly extended, until it now includes five fully or partially organized "affiliated clubs" in various parts of the city. These organizations are called Good Government Clubs, and are distinguished alphabetically as "A," "B," "C," "D," and "E."

Although Club "D" was not completely equipped when the recent campaign began, the organization of a strong committee was accomplished, and more than three hundred members stood ready for a struggle in behalf of ballot reform, civil service reform, separate municipal elections, and home-rule for cities. Tammany strengthened their arms by nominating for the Assembly in the district embraced by the club's activity an unworthy tool of an unworthy leader. The reformers chose one of their own number, who was a Republican in national politics, and procured his nomination by the Republican convention. The candidate thus chosen, Mr. James R. Sheffield, was a Yale College and Harvard Law School graduate, an honorable and successful lawyer, an orator and a gentleman.

The issue was thus clearly defined between "combined bad men" and "united good men." The campaign was vigorously fought, by Tammany for the spoils at stake, and by "D" for the principles at stake, the regular Republican organization doing perhaps less than might reasonably have been expected. The result is all the more gratifying; for it shows that "D" and all the other Good Government Clubs were right in thinking that good men could successfully unite for honest local government, irrespective of national party politics. It is always gratifying to have a good officer elected, but it is peculiarly fortunate to have him elected by good men, and his independence thereby secured.

The campaign committee of Club "D" sent out speakers nightly, who from trucks addressed the citizens on nearly every block, thereby striving to make perfectly clear that Mr. Sheffield received the Independent support primarily because he stood for a separation of city government from national politics. The candidate himself often spoke on these occasions, and asked the pertinent question, why the metropolitan city of the Empire State should not be trusted with local self-government? In view of the fact that the city must in any event continue Democratic on national issues this is rightly regarded as a glad earnest of what may be expected from Mr. Sheffield.

The other Good Government Clubs worked not less vigorously for like men and principles, and in one other district achieved a similar victory by the election of Mr. Judson Lawson. The clubs are permanent organizations, and by reason of these victories will continue as greatly strengthened centres of anti-Tammany influence, for the education and protection particularly of those citizens who have hitherto feared to oppose the ruling Ring.

A SPORTING WEEK

BY GEORGE ROLLER.

I.

"NOW look here, Charlie, are you going to ride old Dazzle for me, or not? You must just make up your mind."

"Well, old man, I have been thinking it over, and there are several reasons why I would rather not. First and foremost, I am not anxious to break my neck; secondly, if the brute is really as bad as his reputation, I don't see much use in your running him, except on the chance of getting rid of him, as I should think he is quite as likely to break his own neck as his rider's; and thirdly—here my natural modesty appears—I don't see why you should think that I am more likely to get him along than any other Johnny. So, on the whole, I think I had better 'send in my jacket,' as the jocks say."

"Very well, then, he sha'n't start; for although I have backed him for a bit on the strength of your promise to ride, I should be very sorry to be instrumental in smashing you up, and now that he has turned so confoundedly nasty over his gallops, I think perhaps it would, after all, be as well, in the interests of humanity, not to run him. Don't you think so, Clifford?"

"Yes, I think you are right, but we have all heard so much of Mr. Beresford's riding that I confess to feeling disappointed that we shall be deprived of the pleasure and instruction we all expected from the display; but if he's at all nervous he is wise to decline the mount, without regard for your book or our chance of learning something."

This conversation took place in my cousin Joe Helyar's comfortable smoking-room, where we had adjourned for cigars and soda-water after the ladies had gone to bed. Charlton Grange was a capital house to stay in, as my cousin and his charming wife were renowned for doing their guests well, and at the time of my story his house was full of young people, all anxiously looking forward to a ball, which was to take place on the following night, some point-to-point races at the end of the week, and such other amusements as the house and neighborhood afforded and the month of May permits. I was lucky enough to form one of this merry party, and I fear I was by no means the quietest or best behaved amongst the dozen or so other guests. My excuse for any liveliness which may have distinguished me is that I am a bachelor, twenty-three years of age, and in the service of the Queen. As I belong to a line regiment, I am, of course, very fond of riding (my brother officers in the cavalry prefer bicycles or any mode of progression to that on a horse), and I had come to spend the last week of my leave with my amiable relatives at Charlton Grange.

On several occasions I had been fairly successful as an amateur jock, and hence my cousin's anxiety to secure me for his horse Dazzle, which was entered in the hunt point-to-point race, to be run the next Friday afternoon. I had seen this animal once in his box. He looked a rare sort, a brown, with grand raking shoulders, apparently great jumping power behind, and plenty of quality, although he was not quite clean bred. Unfortunately, without being actually vicious, he had of late earned the reputation of losing his head and being an inveterate bolter. Every infernal invention in the way of bits for curing this infirmity had been tried, but without success, and in the stable he was regarded as incorrigible, although his enormous staying and jumping powers were universally admitted. Only one of the grooms had ever been able to ride him, and lately his gallops in preparation for the race had to be discontinued, owing to his having so terrified his rider on the last occasion he was out that this otherwise plucky horseman had declined running any more risks of being brought home on a gate. There seemed a unanimous sense amongst all who knew the horse that he was not safe to ride in anything like a race, but that if he could only be kept in a course, there wasn't another in the county that could touch him. My cousin, whose pretty wife had cost him his nerve, never rode him now, but he was loath to part with him, not only on account of his being undoubtedly a grand horse, but he felt some responsibility as to the possible results of his getting into the hands of some one either ignorant of his evil propensities or incapable of overcoming them.

I do not know whether it is a general experience, but when I find myself in a house party, or any similar crowd of people, there is generally some individual amongst them (in my case almost invariably a man) to whom I take a violent and uncontrollable dislike, and on this occasion Captain Clifford was the object of such animosity as, under the otherwise pleasant surroundings, it was possible to direct against any one who had, so far, done nothing particularly injurious to me or my feelings. Our antipathy was evidently mutual, which seemed to me curious, as I have considerable command over my features, and had treated him with every show of courtesy, although I met with little encouragement from the lurid and soul-quelling glare which accompanied any notice of my attentions. He was a good-looking fellow enough, and, having large means, had the reputation of being a good sportsman, but I thought him from the first a brute, and I don't think any one cared very much about him. I had quite decided that my cousin's proposal that I should ride his horse was not good enough, when Captain Clifford's last-recorded remark made me change my mind. No man likes to have his courage called in question, and I determined not to give him any chance of throwing doubts upon my nerve, whatever my ability might be, to ride any horse that was ever foaled. Half an hour afterwards, on taking my candle from Joe, I said: "Could I be called at seven o'clock to-morrow? I think, after all, I should just like to see whether I can make anything of your chaser. It will give me an appetite for breakfast."

"By Jove!" said Joe; "do you really want to have a shy at the old beggar?"

"Well, I should just like to see how we get on together; but keep it dark, old chap, as I don't want them all laughing at me if I don't go to the post."

"Good man!" exclaimed my cousin, evidently more relieved than he liked to say. "But take care of yourself, and let me hear all about it before breakfast. I shall be more than pleased if you will ride for me, for, to tell you the truth, I have backed him for a good deal, and besides, I am awfully anxious to knock out that chap Clifford, who fancies himself and his mare to a sickening extent. I am sure with your hands and seat you will be all right, and enjoy the fun. Good luck to you, and good-night!"

I had just had my morning gallop on Dazzle, and was watching him have his rub-down in the stable yard, when my cousin joined me.

"Well, Charlie," he said, "the fiery one hasn't done for you after all; I knew you were the man for him. Now tell me what you think of our chance. Is he good enough?"

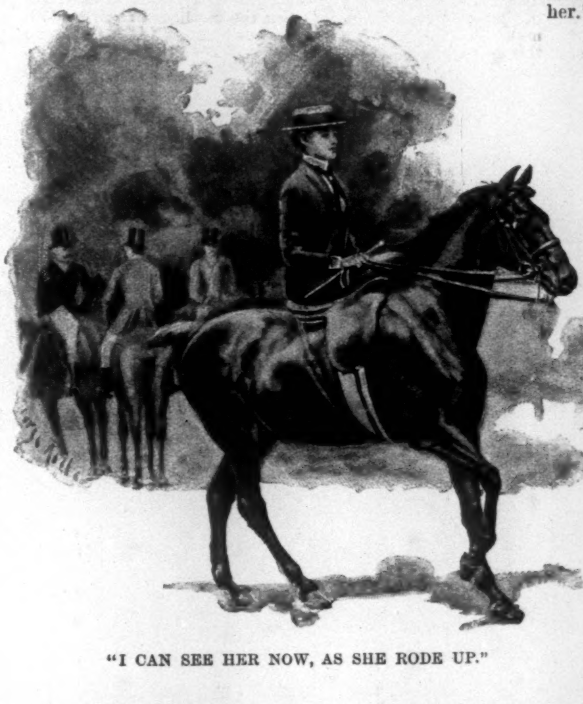
"That is rather a difficult question to answer," I replied, "especially as I don't know the course, or anything about the other entries, and the fact is I was considering this very point when you came out. There is no mistake about his being a grand horse; he gallops very hard and strong, but perhaps goes a bit too high for a racer, which would give a thoroughbred the legs of him. He's a good-plucked one too, for I rode him this morning quite three miles at top speed, and he was pulling right up to the bitter end."

"Did you find him get very excited or unmanageable?" inquired Joe, rather anxiously.

"Yes, I did, rather." (I thought it as well not to admit that for the first mile I was nearly scared out of my life by the sense of utter helplessness, which was produced by Dazzle's remarkable callousness to my hands and voice.) "But I think that with a little gentle treatment we shall get along all right. That awful Chifney bit only irritates him; we must try a plain snaffle next time."

"I'm afraid you won't be able to hold him," said Joe, doubtfully.

"I must take my chance of that. As far as I can see, if the old beggar is once upset, no bit in this world will stop him, and I think he is less likely to 'raise Cain' if I use a snaffle; anyway, I am going to try it. By-the-way, what sort of a course is it to be?"



"I CAN SEE HER NOW, AS SHE RODE UP."

"That," said my cousin, "will be kept a secret up to the time of starting; but I believe it will probably be a sort of half-circle, over very stiff country somewhere in the neighborhood of old General Harfield's park."

"Ah!" said I, "I don't like those half-circle courses. They have come into fashion of late in order to give the spectators a chance of seeing more of the race, and may be all very well from their point of view, but for those riding it is simply a benefit for the local men who know the country well. Give me either a regular flagged-out course, or else a good old-fashioned point-to-point in the true sense of the word, a straight line from the start to some visible object in the distance. I don't know a yard of your country, so I speak feelingly on the subject."

"Well, old man, all you will have to do is to stick behind any one who should happen to be leading; that is to say, if Dazzle will let you."

"Now that's the very thing I want to avoid," said I. "He will go a hundred per cent. better if I let him go a line of his own; of that I am confident. Besides, with a good stout horse, my game must certainly be to make the pace as hot as possible throughout; but we must leave ways and means to chance, and do the best we can. Anyway, if Dazzle goes to the post, I think it will be good business to lay the field at evens against Captain Clifford's Firefly. Isn't that about how the betting stands at present? I hear he will back his mare to almost any amount, so if you are going to have anything on with him, you can let me have a hundred of it. I am not a betting man as a rule, but I should very much like to score off him!"

"Right you are," said my cousin; "and now for some breakfast. We won't say anything in-doors about your riding, as I want to surprise them a bit on Friday."

As we were returning to the house I asked him a question that had been uppermost in my mind during the latter part of our conversation, as to who was the General Harfield that he had mentioned in connection with the races, and was he the father of a certain Miss Amy Harfield with whom I had some slight acquaintance?"

"Why, of course he is!" answered Joe. "I thought you knew all about them. She caused quite a sensation in town last season, and no wonder, for she is one of the prettiest and nicest girls I have ever seen. The men are all mad about her down here, and some say that Clifford will be first past the post, as he is always hanging about, doing the agreeable to the old general by eating his infernally hot curries and pillaus, that make most people first weep bitterly and then feel very sick, in order to make the running with Miss Amy. I am bound to say, though, she gives him no encouragement, and is much too good for him, especially as she will have a pot of money when the old buffer dies. She is coming to our ball to-night, and if you have met her you ought to try and have a cut-in before it's too late. Fortune always favors the brave."

I endeavored as well as I could to conceal my interest in Joe's last remarks, but I was conscious that my heart was beating more rapidly than usual, and it required the distractions caused by our sudden invasion of the breakfast-room to enable me to recover myself, and remember how very absurd and fatuous all this internal commotion about nothing was. I had certainly met Miss Harfield at several dances during the season, and had been lucky enough to find a seat near her occasionally at Hurlingham or Lords, and intoxicate myself, not with my modest libations of Pommery, but with deep draughts drawn from her beautiful blue eyes. We had certainly danced a good deal together, and I fancied somehow that she seemed to like my society better than that of some of her most avowed admirers; but how could I, a humble sub., with only a few hundreds a year above my pay, think seriously of aspiring to so much beauty and so many charms, combined with what certainly enhances all human attractions, so much money? Still she had never been out of my thoughts, and it was strange that I had not found out before this that she was living so near, and that I should see her again to-night, and revive the slumbering hopes I had tried in vain to extinguish. How glad I was that I had decided to ride Dazzle in spite of my misgivings, and I now felt doubly keen to make an exhibition of Clifford, who very likely had been amusing his friends with accounts of my funking and backing out of my engagements. As my cousin said, fortune favors the brave, and I could at any rate prove that when I entered for a race, of whatever kind, I did not flinch like a coward from the obstacles and difficulties in my path.

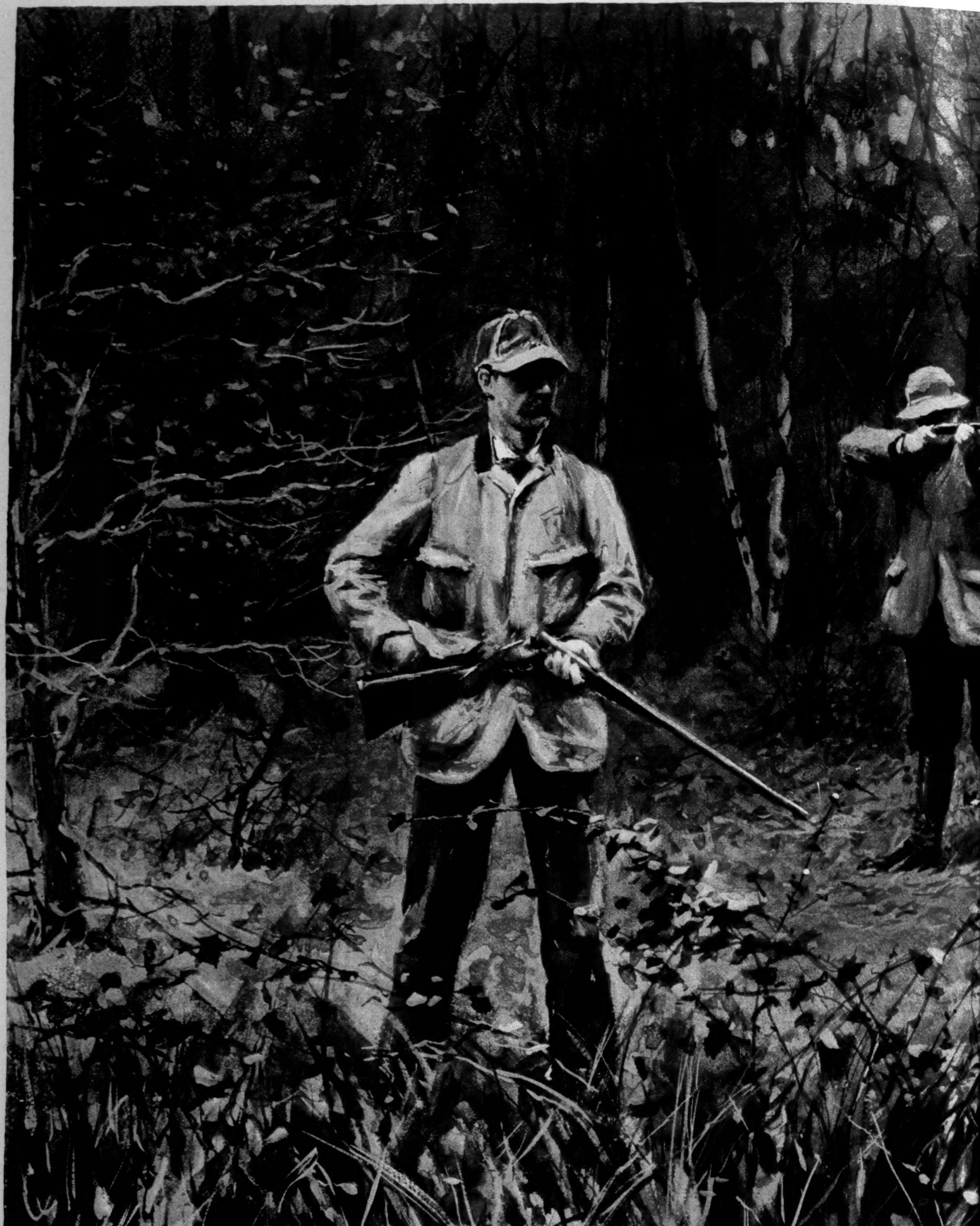
After breakfast I heard Joe say, as he met some of the men in the hall: "I say, Clifford, I will take the field for a level monkey against your mare. I know you are anxious to back her."

"Done along with you," said Clifford. "I shall leave your house richer than I came."

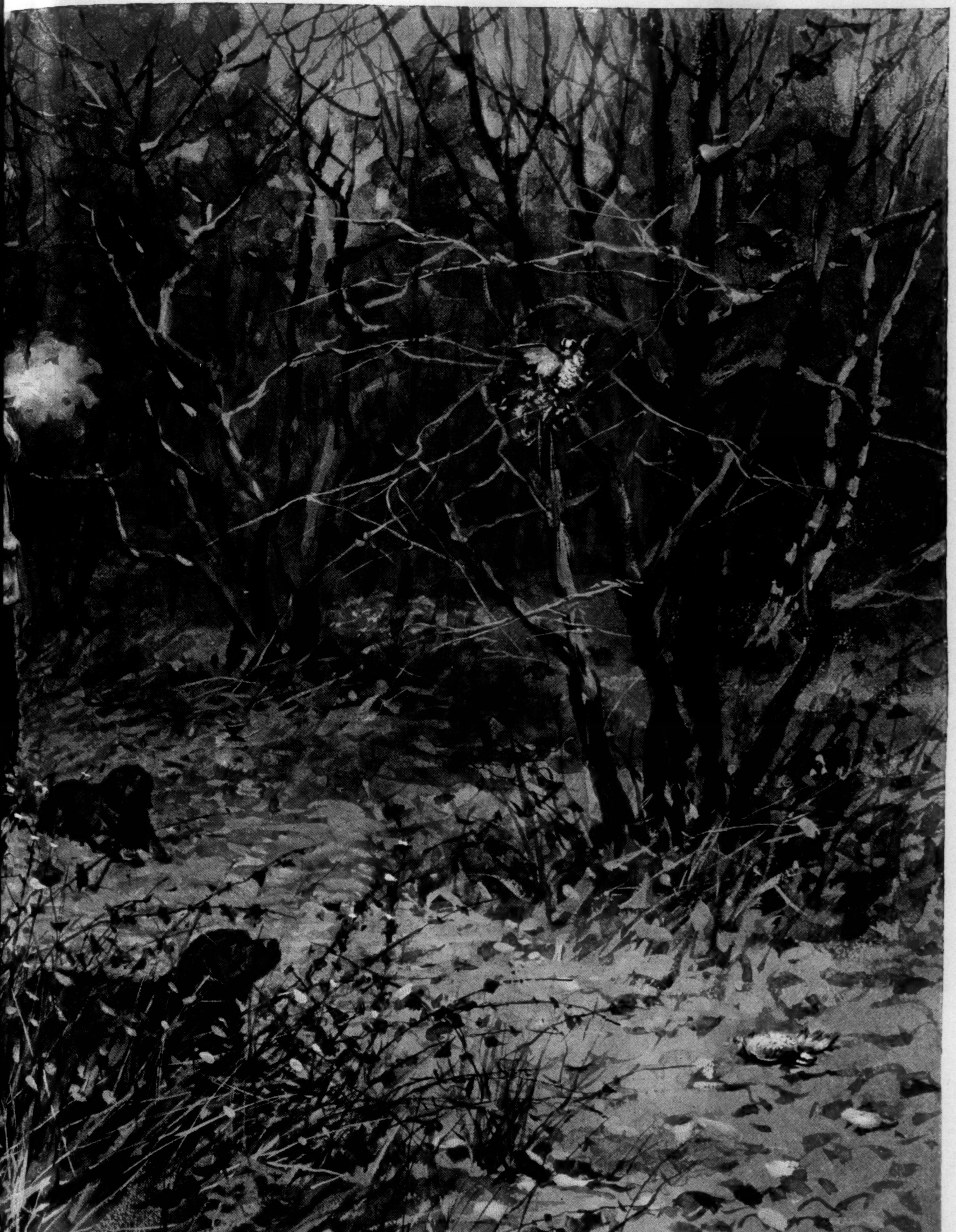
The time for the ball duly arrived, and every thing went off as well as possible, but as this is a sporting story I must stick to my line and not run riot over descriptions, such as I am told—for I don't read much myself—novelists delight in, of the nobility and gentry, their dress, ornaments, and general appearance, what they said, and what they didn't say but only thought, etc., etc. I must not even make the usual digressions to describe the sensations attributed to waltzing, nor to tell you what Byron and Moore have to say about them, as if you didn't know, which in these days of Board Schools and cheap editions of the poets, and the tendency of youth to read those particular authors and poems which their seniors wish to monopolize, is alone an insult to the budding intelligence. It is enough to say that it was a delightful ball, and that Amy Harfield looked more lovely than ever, and greeted me with undisguised warmth; her bright fair hair, deep blue eyes, and refined features would have made her a noticeable figure anywhere, and to-night she was undoubtedly the admitted belle of the ball and the object of all the men's attentions, and a good many of the women's jealousy. Of course she used me very badly about the dances; I didn't get half as many as I wanted. She knew so many people that could not be ignored, and amongst them Captain Clifford, who waltzed confoundedly well, much better than I did; it made my blood boil to see her in his arms, apparently enjoying it, too. How well women can hide their real feelings! I thought. I took it for granted she must share my dislike for her partner, which was really not very reasonable.

I, however, was not the man to go and sulk in the corner, so footed it with the best of them, and found my time well taken up by duty dances with the many ladies I knew in the room, but they seemed for the time to have lost all the attractions I had formerly believed them to possess; they had grown heavier, and displayed no sort of agility; still I dragged them about until they generally begged for mercy, for as my eyes were always following the object of my thoughts, I was unable to display my usual dexterity in the avoidance of the terrific onslaughts from the rash and impetuous sportsmen in pink, who, with the usual lack of skill which distinguishes most hunting men in a ballroom, were dashing about regardless of everybody and everything except getting round the room more often than any one else whilst the music lasted, and being less blown at the end.

As a reward for my labors, and a set-off to the openly expressed and justly merited annoyance at my stupidity and clumsiness of several of my partners, whom at any other time I would have given worlds not to offend, I had the last



QUAIL-SHOOTING—A WAR



CORNER.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

waltz (the sixth extra) of the evening—or rather morning, for it was past four o'clock—with *her*, and afterwards mine was the inexpressible bliss to sit with her in the large bay-window of the hall, watching for the sun to rise, waiting for her carriage, and hoping—at least I was—that it would not come round too soon. I was very happy, but, I must admit, our conversation was on the most prosaic subjects, and not at all sentimental. At last she said, "Of course you are coming to our races to-morrow?"

"Yes," I replied. "I shall be there. I am going to ride."

"Oh, I am so glad! Are you going to ride a horse of your own?"

"No; my cousin's horse Dazzle; but you mustn't say anything about it, as it is a secret. Joe is anxious that no one should think his horse is going to start, as there has been some difficulty about getting a rider, and it was doubtful whether it would be much use in any case, but he now wants to provide a surprise for a few of them on the course."

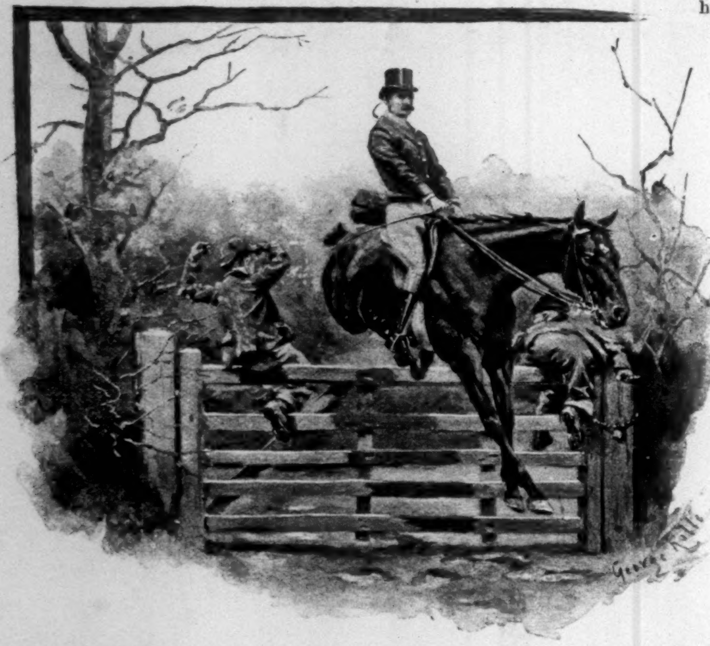
Her head was turned from me as I was speaking, but I thought I noticed a slight movement of surprise or uneasiness when I mentioned the name of my mount. She sat still until I had finished the admonition to secrecy which my unintentional admission made necessary, and then, rising and turning towards me, she said, almost angrily: "Mr. Helyar ought to know better than to let any one ride such a brute! I fear, Mr. Beresford, I know the horse better than you do, and he is really not safe to ride hunting, let alone in a steeple-chase. I shall just tell your cousin, when I get the chance, what I think of him. Still, I know nothing I can say will be any use now, nor prevent you riding."

I almost interrupted her to assure her that for her sake I would give up even this pleasure, when she continued: "I shouldn't think much of you if a girl's fears of danger were of enough weight to deter you from doing anything you intended, so I will finish by giving you a good scolding. What do you mean by dancing and drinking champagne and keeping bad hours, when you ought to be thinking of your nerves? Captain Clifford, who is also going to ride, went to bed hours ago. Oh, here's our carriage at last, and I can hear father calling me. Now go to bed and take care of yourself, for I want you to win. Good-night."

She was gone; but I felt no inclination to turn in, so I went out into the cold morning air and smoked a weed until the grooms were up, when I changed my clothes and did my last morning's gallop. Dazzle, as I expected, went much better with the plain snaffle; indeed, we seemed to be getting to understand each other, and I began to feel more confident about my mount. When I returned I went in and had a few hours sleep, turning up at the very late breakfast feeling fit and well.

II.

Next day at about lunch-time all was hurry and bustle. Three men staying in the house besides Clifford and myself were going to ride in the races, and they were all worrying over the boots, breeches, and ties which were presently to be displayed for the calm approbation of the rank, beauty, and fashion of the whole county-side, and the audible admiration and envy of the humbler spectators, who on so popular an occasion were expected to be present in large numbers. The ladies on their part were also, no doubt, feeling a becoming anxiety about their looks and toilets, and were engaged in those sacred and mysterious rites which, like the functions of the *bona dea*, no male eye has ever penetrated, and to which I cannot even darkly refer without a sensation of awe and reverence.



"MUCH TO THE SURPRISE OF TWO BOYS WHO WERE SITTING ON THE TOP RAIL."

Joe was going to drive the whole party on his drag to the place of rendezvous, the Three Crowns, Purley, which was close to General Harfield's park gates; his wife and I were to follow them in a dog-cart. The starting-point for our race was, of course, still a secret, and formed the subject of much speculation. I had agreed with Joe not to don my war-paint until the drag had started, so during lunch I was a good deal chaffed and congratulated on my wise choice in preferring the ladies' society to the chance of breaking my precious neck, with other similar witticisms at my expense, all of which I took in good part. At about two they departed, in the best of spirits, and I at once got into my togs, and found my cousin Eva waiting for me, already seated in her cart, and her pony anxious to be off. Away we went, and a very pleasant half hour's drive we had, as we were both in high glee at the thought of the little surprise that was in store for our friends. We had a good deal to say about Miss Harfield, and my interest on this subject did not escape her attention; she seemed also to have remarked something peculiar in my conduct at the ball, and evidently traced it to its true origin, for I was soon under fire from those batteries of inquisition with which every married woman is armed, my reticence was overcome, and a capitulation agreed on the terms of my making a full confession. I then told her in a rhapsody of words, that fortunately for my self-respect I can't remember, of my love—no, love was too vulgar a sensation—adoration, worship, for the divine goddess who had condescended to approach this sublunary sphere in the person of Miss Amy Harfield, no doubt selecting the General as a foster-father to accentuate the difference of their origin; I qualified this admission by acknowledging the fatuity of my aspirations, and that I knew only too well that I had not the remotest chance of success, even if I had the presumption to declare myself. My cousin, a born match-maker (dealing in more combustible material even than Messrs. Bryant & May), was much interested in my exuberant confidences, and not only promised me such help as was in her power, but so encouraged my faint hopes that I plucked up spirits amazingly, and by the time we arrived at the Three Crowns I was able to descend from my seat with all the airy lightness and gallantry of an accepted suitor. We were rather late, and found that every one had already moved off to the starting-point, so no time was to be lost. I jumped into the cart again, after making inquiries, and we hurried along the road by which we were directed, and soon came up with the tail end of the crowd, when I knew that all would be right, and that we were in plenty of time, as the groom in charge of Dazzle, having had orders to lead him to the starting-point, would be there awaiting me. A very pretty sight soon greeted our eyes; for besides the many horsemen, there were assembled in the road numbers of smart carriages and traps of all kinds, their inmates being radiant with good temper, and resplendent in the gala costumes suitable for so fashionable and popular an assembly. The eighteen starters for our race, which was to be run first, conspicuous in their pink coats and white breeches, were assembled on the brow of a hill in a large grass field. But the interest and beauty of this scene was entirely lost on me; my eyes were riveted on the one object of which my heart was full. It did not require the gentle pressure of my cousin's elbow to draw my attention to the fact that Miss Harfield was riding in our direction. I can see her now as she rode up, her hair seeming to shame the sun into shining more brightly, her straw hat, neatly arrayed tie, open shirt front, and every detail of her well-fitting habit, framed by the dark trees of the park beyond. She gradually made her way to where we had pulled up, threading a path through the maze of vehicles and groups of spectators with the ease and dexterity of a finished horsewoman, her hands down, elbows close, body erect but supple, yielding to every motion of her horse with that undulating grace which is, alas! not common to all lady riders, and managing her horse in that easy confident style that can neither be acquired nor described; there are some women who look as if they should never get off a horse, as if they were made for each other, and Amy Harfield was certainly one of these. She was lovely enough in her ball dress, but to my idea she seemed doubly attractive now, as she leant from her old hunter, with sparkling eyes and heightened color, to greet us.

"Ah, Mr. Beresford," she said, "I was afraid you would be too late. Your horse is over there, looking very fit, but rather wicked." As I was getting down from the dog-cart, Captain Clifford rode up on his mare, Firefly, a slashing thoroughbred, for which he had recently given a great price. He seemed much surprised as he caught sight of me in my hunting things.

"So you are going to ride something after all!" he exclaimed. "Whom have you got to trust you with a mount?"

I was going to reply with some asperity, when my cousin Eva stopped me by saying, "Why, don't you know he is going to have a gallop on our old Dazzle, and as I think the stable ought always to support their own candidate, I have invested some of my pocket-money on him."

Clifford didn't seem overpleased, but merely replied: "Well, I'm glad, for the sake of the service, that he has made up his mind, after all, to ride. I wish him luck!" Then, turning to me, he asked, "Do you know the country we have got to ride over?"

"Not a bit," said I. "Do you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I may say I know every stone of it; and I can tell you one thing, if you only break something less valuable to you than your neck you may consider yourself jolly lucky."

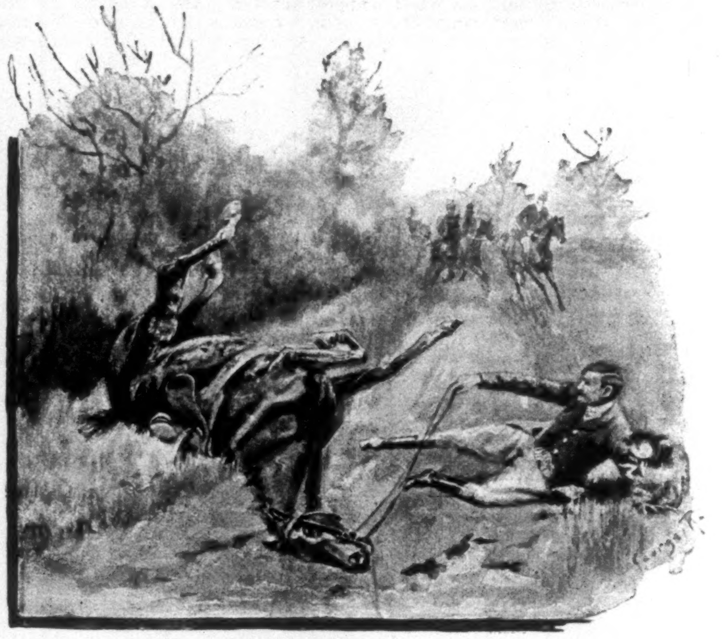
"Now don't listen to Captain Clifford," said Miss Harfield to me. "He is only trying to put you off. I know you will be all right, and when you have won the race, come over to our coach; you will want a whiskey and soda after a four-mile gallop over our country."

"Bless you!" thought I, as I walked away to find old Dazzle.

Captain Clifford raised his hat to the ladies and rode off, looking very black.

I was just going to mount, when I heard some one ride up behind me, and felt a light touch on my shoulder. Turning round, I saw an anxious and excited pair of blue eyes looking down into mine.

"Mr. Beresford," said Miss Harfield, pointing towards the opposite hill, "you see that fence about half a mile off? Well, it's a nasty double, with a boggy lane between cut deep. You must make for that solitary fir-tree on the right; the fence is lightest there."



"HE LANDED A BIT SHORT, THE BANK GAVE 'WAY, AND WE ROLLED OVER AND OVER."

She then rode off without waiting for my thanks for this kindly advice, and leaving me in a state of pleased and hopeful excitement. Did not her anxious face and manner suggest something more than a sporting interest in the race, or was it only my own foolish fancy, begotten of man's customary leaning towards the interpretation which most favors his self-conceit? Somehow I felt confident that I was not mistaken in my first impression, and it was with a light heart that I once more turned my attention to Mr. Dazzle, and went through the process of mounting him, which at times was no such simple undertaking as it sounds. However, after looking him well in the eye, and talking to him gently, he let me take the reins and mane in my left hand, and, my foot once in the stirrup, I drew myself gently into the saddle, when, with just a suspicion of a buck, he allowed himself to be ridden fairly quietly to the further corner of the field, where the others were already gathered round the starter, who was also mounted, and swelling with the dignity of his office.

Many were the exclamations of surprise as I rode up. "Holloa, old chap! Going to ride the fiery untamed one, after all?" said one. "I shall give you a jolly wide berth," said another. "What price funeral, done in our best style?" "Who's going to pick up the pieces?" "Have you remembered me in your will, old man?" "Looks rather green about the gills, don't he?" These were a few of the encouraging and cheerful remarks with which my appearance was hailed by my fellow-riders. Fortunately I could not allow myself to dwell long on the anticipations of my probable fate, which it was the tendency of all this friendly badinage to convey to my perturbed understanding, as I was obliged to give all my attention to the starter, who was saying something to the following effect: "And now, gentlemen, as you are all here, listen to me, please. You see that white flag over there? Well, that's your direction. You must keep to the left of that, and, after crossing 'something' lane, you will come to 'so-and-so's' farm; you must then bear to the right, when you will see a red flag; pass this on your left. When you come to Lea Brook, you will see a big cart" (here a smile wandered over the speaker's face; we all knew why before half an hour was over). "Well, you must keep to the left of this, and then—" But why continue? It was all Greek to me, and probably even more uninteresting and unintelligible than that language would be to my cultured readers; being quite a stranger in the land, all these names conveyed nothing but confusion to my mind, so I gave up as a bad job all attempts at trying to understand the starter's instructions. There was nothing for it but to play the waiting game, and try to follow whoever might be leading, much as this scheme was against the chances of my making a good show at the end.

I thought as I took my place that nothing could well be more exciting than the start of a four-mile steeple-chase over a strange country. The number of things that may happen in the next quarter of an hour is overwhelming; your horse may bolt, or he may refuse the first fence; you may cannon and come down; some one may ride over you; there is no bone in your body that may not be broken; you may kill your horse, or your horse may kill you; but, after all, you may win the race. The contemplation of so many possibilities, most of them unpleasant, engrosses all the energies of the mind, and whatever elation a rider may feel at any prospect of success, it is largely tempered and diluted with certain irrepressible doubts and misgivings which must always assail the most confident horseman at such moments. In another instant we are off to a good start, and the large field of eighteen spread out fan-shaped, and make for the fence at the bottom of the field. "Ah, you old sinner, I thought you would try that game on," said I, as Dazzle got his head up and fairly bolted at the fence. We were too near now for me to steady him, so I just let him go; it was nothing of a jump, but he rushed it badly. "If that's the way you're going to take your fences, you fool, you'll never get the course. Now, then, down with your head—come, steady—there's a good lad!" Dazzle seemed to think there was some reason in what I said, for the next field being a fairly large one he let me make friends with him, and I was able to pull him back on the other horses, which were still all in a cluster. He continued to do his fences quicker than I liked, but so far I had nothing much to complain of in his behavior. We were rapidly approaching the formidable double that Miss Harfield had described and pointed out, and I noticed at once that the others evidently knew it only too well, as they all steadied down to a slow canter. I tried in vain to follow suit, so turning to the right, I made for the fir-tree. I had time to watch Tommy Gordon, who was riding a horse called Baronet, and Captain Clifford bob in and out in fine style. They were followed by two or three others who bobbed in all right, but failed to appear again in the next field. Then a man named Halgrave on a clever thoroughbred negotiated both banks successfully. And now it was my turn. "Come, steady, old man," said I, as I vainly endeavored to pull up a bit. "You won't? Then do it your own way." Dazzle promptly took me at my word, and how he managed it I don't know. It was one big scramble with a drop in the middle of it, and we picked ourselves up with the double behind us without really ever coming down. How I blessed my guardian angel for her timely warning, for had the first fence been stronger, we should never have got through. The field was now somewhat thinned. Clifford and Halgrave were well to the fore, and taking a line of their own, and I determined if possible to follow them, keeping about twenty yards in their wake. This little arrangement, however, did not last long, as we almost immediately approached a small brook with what looked to me an unjumpable fence on the near side of it. The two men in front evidently knew the place, as they made straight for the farther corner, expecting to find a gap; in this, however, they were disappointed, as the farmer, in that spirit of philanthropy which sometimes distinguishes the practical agriculturist, had, by the erection of some heavy posts and rails, transformed the gap into the most impregnable section of the whole fence. Water and timber will stop most men, and it stopped these. At least their horses both swerved off in opposite directions without much conflict with their riders. I thought of trying to pull up, but before I knew well what I was doing old Dazzle had cleared the lot. I don't believe any horse has ever done a much grander jump under such circumstances. It was at least twenty-five feet from take-off to landing, and a four-foot rail into the bargain.

I was now alone, with the race, to all appearance, practically in my hands. I went easily down the next bit of plough, plumped into a lane and out again over a gate, much to the surprise of two boys who were sitting on the top rail. Dazzle's blood was fairly up now, and I think he would have jumped anything. We were sailing gayly along across two or three fields divided by big, awkward fences, when it suddenly occurred to me, "Where the deuce am I?" Not a flag was to be seen, nor anything to indicate the course, and as yet not a horse was in sight. It struck me suddenly that I must have come too much to the right; I was foaming with rage at this turn of affairs, and decided to pull up, when, "Ah, hurrah! here comes somebody at last!" said I, as some one in a pink coat came tearing towards me; but, alas! it was only young Grigg on a horse that was evidently running away.

"Which is the way?" I yelled as he galloped past.

"Goodness only knows," he managed to shout before disappearing into a quickset hedge at the end of the field. "Any way but this, I should say."

This was a cheerful predicament! I was nearly giving up all hope of hitting the right line, when, turning in my saddle, I saw to my consternation about half a dozen riders, sole remnants of the eighteen who started, with Clifford in the van, all going hard about two hundred yards to the left of me, and after them I had to bucket. Dazzle was as fresh as paint, and never, in his eagerness to catch up to the horses he saw ahead of us, did he gallop stronger. I presently saw one of the guiding flags right in front of us, but, to my surprise, all the others turned off to the left. "Ah!" thought I, "they must know of something nasty between us and the flag, and are going round to avoid it. Now's my chance; a straight line for the flag, old horse, and no mistake, please." On we galloped, getting well over about six easy fences, whilst the rest of them were still edging away in a half-circle on my left. I was just beginning to congratulate myself on the result of my manœuvres, thinking that, after all, there was nothing very bad, and that there was every prospect of my getting a good lead, when right in front of me there loomed up, grim and menacing, a horribly big fence of thick and high blackthorn, quite bad enough to excuse craning, even if there were nothing on the other side. It was a case of do or die, and as I jammed my hat on my head, clinched my teeth, and sent Dazzle along at a goodish pace, I almost forgot in the excitement of the moment the dangers in which my temerity and ignorance had involved us. It was an awful jump. And how nobly the old horse spread himself out when he caught sight, too late, of the deep-cut drain on the other side! It was too much even for him. He landed a bit short, the bank gave way, and we rolled over and over.

I can only give a very hazy and confused account of all that happened afterwards. I have a dim recollection of having scrambled on to my feet with the reins still in my hands; a vague idea that I saw some riders coming down the sort of cart track into which I had fallen, almost at right angles to the line I had taken. As my horse struggled to his feet I must have thrown my leg across him, though I can recollect nothing of it, for I next found myself thundering along again with one or two of the others about a couple of lengths behind.

At the end of the track crossing a wide brook was a bridge; this was blocked by a large wagon. The others again left me, going toward the right for some narrower part of the stream, I supposed, but still I kept the old horse straight. He sprang from a good take-off, faltered for one brief moment, but recovered—good-plucked one that he was—and I once more set him going on the other side.

On nearing the last jump I felt that my knees had completely lost their grip of the saddle, and so tried to hold on to the cantle with my right hand, when I noticed for the first time that my arm was numbed and useless, and became conscious of acute agony below the shoulder.

How I managed to keep my seat I don't know, as I was now faint and giddy with pain, and the blurred prospect was turning round and round and forming such curious and fanciful arrangements of form and color as I remembered to have seen in a kaleidoscope when a child.

I knew, however, that my work was not yet done, and that we had now come to the straight run in. From this point to the winning-post the crowd formed two lines about three hundred yards long, and as I tried to pull myself together for a final effort, I heard, amidst much incoherent clamor, one friendly though bucolic voice, quavering with excitement, exclaim, "Stick to un, marster; they'll have to go fast to catch yer."

"Poor Dazzle! The past strain must have tried him terribly, and there was a slight hill to breast before the goal was reached. As he struggled nobly on, with two or three thoroughbreds close to his heels, I could feel his powers failing him; he rolled a bit across the course. Some one was rapidly coming up to me. I could hear the sound of hoofs and labored breath getting more and more distinct every second. I just felt Dazzle with the spur, and shouted to him in a voice hoarse with pain and fatigue. Amidst the roar and tumult of the excited crowd, he seemed once more to lift himself along in a last expiring gallant effort. But at this moment something went in my brain, and I remember no more.

When I returned to consciousness I found myself lying in a comfortable bed, with the anxious face of my cousin Eva bending over me.

"Where am I?" I said.

"In General Harfield's house," she said, "where you were carried straight from the course."

"But what's the matter with me? Why am I trussed up like this?"

"A broken arm and concussion of the brain. You have been very, very ill for three days."

"But you'll be all right now, old fellow, if you'll only keep quiet," said a bass voice in the background. It was Joe's, and I noticed, good old chap that he is, that his tone was none too steady.

"Did I win?" I asked.

"Of course you did," answered Joe, "and then fell off; but the damage was done before, and all the world is wondering how on earth you managed to remount and stick on for so long with such injuries. Dazzle was first, Firefly second, and Ratcatcher third. It is no use my saying now how grieved I am I let you ride, or how grateful I am to you for winning; you know me well enough to believe that I would far rather have been smashed up myself. We have had our punishment, though, as our feelings when you were picked up for dead will not be forgotten in a lifetime."

"It wasn't Dazzle's fault," I said. "I don't believe any other horse in the country could have followed the line we took."

"Every one says the same," Joe replied. "It was a magnificent race. We can now afford to pension him off for life. You and he together have won me quite a hatful; but it has been dearly gained, and if any one else had been riding him, the result would have been very different. It was a grand piece of horsemanship throughout."

"Oh, rot! You old humbug!" I muttered.

Eva now leant over me and said in a tone too low for her husband to hear: "Charlie, you have pounded the field in another way, and won something much more valuable than the Point-to-Point Stakes. Can you guess what it is?"

Without waiting for my reply, she left the room and presently returned, leading Amy Harfield by the hand. She was looking pale and anxious but as sweet as ever, and I saw to my joy something in her look that made clear the answer to my cousin's question.

No word was spoken to break the solemn silence of the darkened room, but as she put her hand in mine, making no attempt to withdraw it, I raised it gently to my lips, and her eyes, more eloquent than words, overflowed with tears, which spoke not of pain or sorrow, but of the exulting joy and gladness which, so long as the world revolves and human hearts beat, will attend the heaven-born gift of newly dawning love.

Need I say more? Could there be any better ending to a right sporting week?

THIS BUSY WORLD

Let us be thankful that election is over, and we are no longer called upon to exercise ourselves in the endeavor to determine what conduct is and what is not justifiable in a lawyer. The average layman usually knows whether he is doing right or not. If he really has doubts it is natural enough for him to consult a lawyer about it. But that he should have to consult himself as to the legality and morality of something a lawyer has done strikes him as a hardship. Many honest men have really distressed themselves within the last two months over Judge Maynard's case. Not a few were puzzled on the very eve of election by the imputation of misconduct against Mr. Bartlett in drawing what turned out long afterwards to be a contract between two rascals for a partition of their "swag." It is not too much to say that it is the earnest desire of many weary laymen in the State of New York that hereafter lawyers that are nominated for judicial offices may be tried before election, before competent tribunals, and that questions concerning their professional behavior may not again be left to the adjudication of lay voters.

The liberty of the religious press as understood in the Roman Catholic Church seems to be the liberty to express permitted views. But the American press seems not to have adequately illustrated that understanding. At a meeting of Roman Catholic Archbishops in Chicago, in September, notice was taken of the "injury done to religion" by the propensity of editors of Roman Catholic journals in America to criticise bishops and high ecclesiastics, and carp at and condemn their actions. For the better guidance of such unruly scribes copies of certain decrees of the third plenary council at Baltimore were directed to be circulated among the Roman Catholic editors. Great must be the persuasive and other powers of the Roman Church if it can induce its American editors to take practical notice that its bishops are greater men than they, and are to be treated with obedience and respect. The last thing any American editor, religious or secular, wants to be told is that there is any one on earth at whom he may not hurl his boomerang if the occasion seem to demand that exercise. If, when a bishop will not listen to reason, an editor is not to tell him things, whatever is the use of being an editor? One might as well have been a mere bishop from the start. It seems almost a pity not to have left the bishops and the editors to settle their little differences in the hitherto customary way: the editor to "sass" the bishop in respectful language and quote canons at him, and the bishop to fulminate against the editor and try to strike him in his circulation. By that method there was some chance that a fight would get fought out, and that the best man might win.

What may happen to a Roman Catholic editor who does not edit acceptably appears in the case of Professor St. George Mivart, who argued out in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* just about a year ago that people might perhaps be happy even in hell, and that there was nothing in the Bible which compelled one to believe that every one who went there suffered acute discomfort. But the Roman Church does not believe in upholstering hell with extenuating theories, nor does it favor any hypothesis which represents it to be other than a place which it is worth profound effort and even expense to keep out of. That venerable institution the Inquisition read Professor Mivart's article, and promptly sat upon it, declared it to be heretical, and proscribed that and other pieces by the same hand from the consideration of the faithful. Their author must either correct his views or show his confidence in them by submitting to be excommunicated. That is the Roman method. There is no particular hardship about it so long as no one can be compelled to be a Roman Catholic unless he chooses. No doubt it is the inevitable method of every great machine, from Tammany Hall down to the Russian autocracy. It only becomes intolerable when the exits are closed up and the retirement of recalcitrants is hindered.

In an introductory address at the opening of the medical school attached to St. Mary's Hospital in London, Mr. J. Ernest Lane, F.R.C.S., quoted with approval the words of a distinguished member of the medical profession who had lately given it as his opinion that

> "If a boy destined for a profession were to be taught nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic till he was eleven, and after that nothing but Greek, Latin, and mathematics till he was eighteen, at fifty that boy would turn out a more widely cultured, better-read man than if in his early years he had been stuffed with geography, history, philosophy, and the twopenny-halfpenny fragments of chemistry, botany, and zoology which constitute school science."

Here is a scheme of preliminary education definitely set forth. No doubt it would work well with some boys. But one of the discoveries of modern education is that boys differ one from another, and that in providing them with literary food it is desirable to pay some attention to their individual appetites.

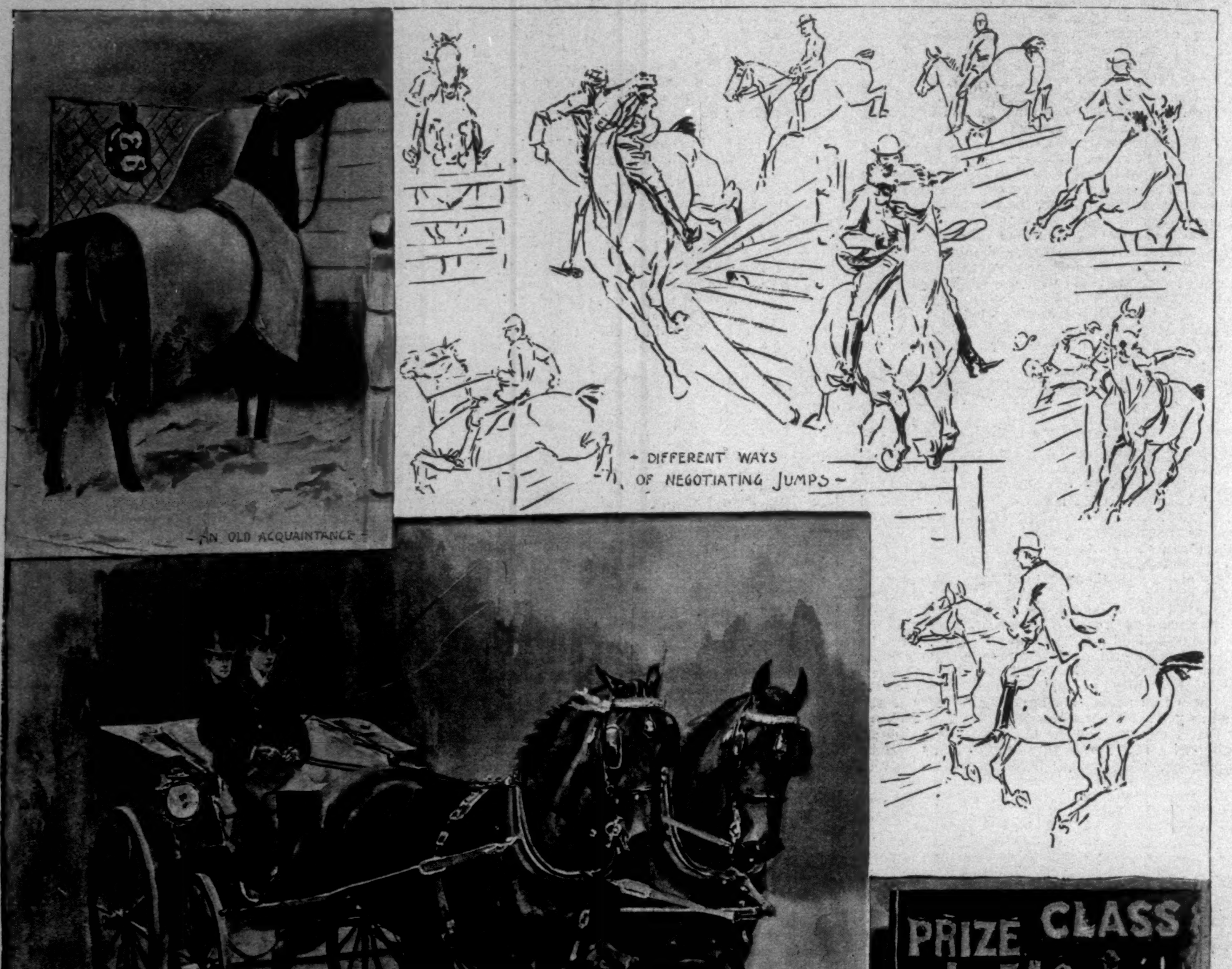
This same Mr. Lane who had such positive approval for an old-fashioned education warned his medical student hearers against the British institution known as the Medical Aid Association, which he described as a system by which a lay committee made money by farming out the services of a qualified physician, who in return for a fixed salary was obliged to give his services to any member of the association who required them. The members of the association paid an annual fee of three or four shillings, which seems cheap for a year's doctoring, even for a healthy family. Mr. Lane said that the committee saw to it that their doctor did his duty by their clients, the result being that the hired physician almost always broke down through overwork. No doubt in this country, where we have all the modern degeneracies, we have medical aid associations too, but hardly as yet in sufficient numbers to make them a subject of professional complaint. An analogous institution, that was a subject of some complaint by doctors in council in New York the other day, was the free dispensary. It was not condemned; indeed, it was highly praised; but it was criticised on various grounds, among others because, as at present conducted, people took advantage of it who could well afford to pay a physician, which often made it hard for the skilful but struggling physician to pick up any business.

What singularly protracted ladies are the contemporary English dames of letters! *David Grieve* went on and on, books without end, and now *The Heavenly Twins* demands to be known to an extent of six books and nearly seven hundred closely printed pages. Speaking of some famous talkers of the English universities—Jowett, Thompson, Whewell, Clark, Donaldson—Mr. James Payn says that "none of them except Clark knew anything of contemporary literature, a thing that was invariably set down to their credit rather than otherwise." Some minds may question whether these learned gentlemen chose the better part, but there cannot be much doubt among coevals of Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphry Ward that they chose the easier one. There are limits to the classics, and a learned man may read them all, but to keep abreast of contemporary literature nowadays is only possible for such gormandizers of books as Mr. Gladstone, who begin early in life and make a specialty of longevity.

The *Sun* calls Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie a long and apparently opprobrious name because, when asked how much time it pays to spend in reading the daily newspapers, he replied, "just as little as possible after getting the news." Mr. Mabie's answer seems a good one, in being oracularly adapted to the needs of every reader and to the dimensions and other qualities of every newspaper. So long as he does not define "news," no part of the newspaper need consider itself slighted. There may be news even in an editorial; there often is news of importance among the advertisements. News is relative and depends upon the reader. When any reader has got out of any newspaper all the news it has in it for him, it is surely time for him to lay it down and take up the next one.

A contemporary paragrapher speaks in commendation of the current disposition to furnish dining-rooms with high-back chairs. Dining-room chairs ought to be thoroughly comfortable, but nothing is gained by making them high enough to support the head, or in running little steeples up along each side of them in the vicinity of the sitter's ears. The head is too busy in the dining-room to need much support. If the chair backs reach up to the shoulder-blades they are quite high enough. If they go farther than that they tempt diners to slumber at the table, which is bad manners. Another objection to the very high backed chairs is that waiters or waitresses of ordinary stature find them a serious hinderance to the prompt distribution of food. A short waitress cannot take a short cut over a chair back four or five feet high. She must steer her dishes around the corners of such chairs, and that is more of an inconvenience and detriment to good waiting than most diners realize. One day this summer at a hotel where high-backed, twin-spire chairs prevailed, a waiting damsel made a pathetic complaint of the extreme weariness she had in her arms because of the constant lifting of dishes over the high backs of the dining-room chairs.

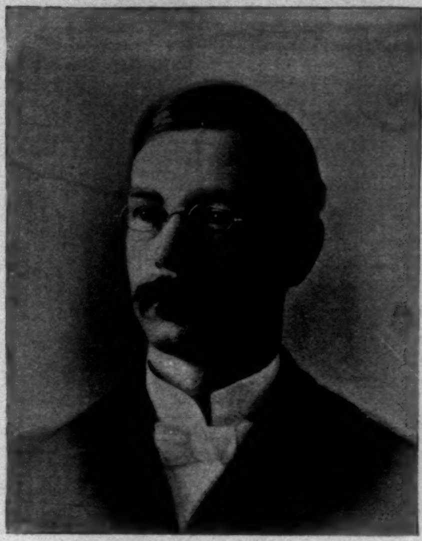
E. S. Martin.


An Old Acquaintance
Different Ways of Negotiating Jumps
A Blue Ribbon Pair
Max F. Klepper
PRIZE CLASS
1 548
2 528
3
HC
Putting up the Numbers
Ring Groom
Nondescript but Numerous
Ringmaster
Ring Messenger
Catalogues
Programmes

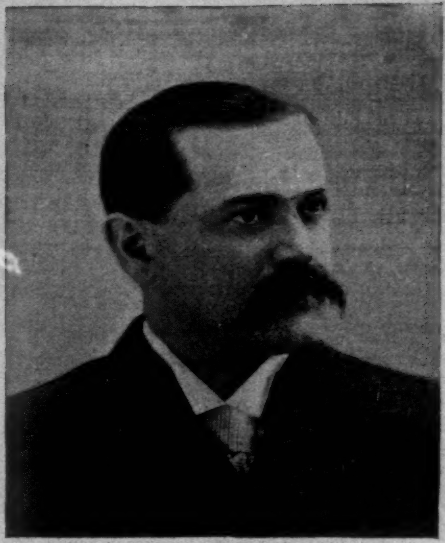
THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW—TYPICAL SCENES IN THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 1099.]

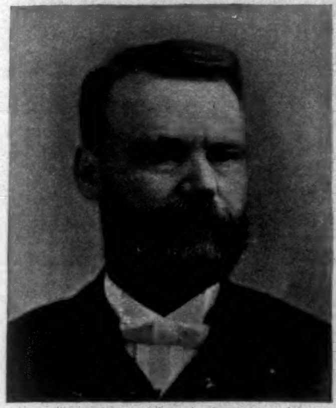
PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT,
(Chairman), Harvard University.



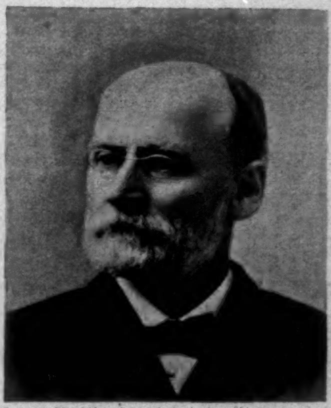
PROFESSOR HENRY C. KING,
Oberlin College.



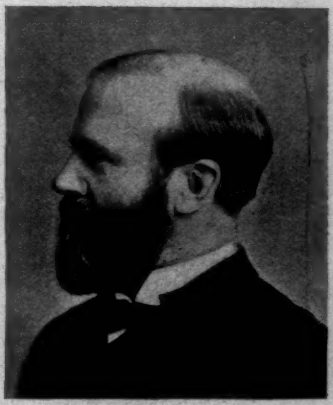
PRESIDENT JAMES M. TAYLOR,
Vassar College.



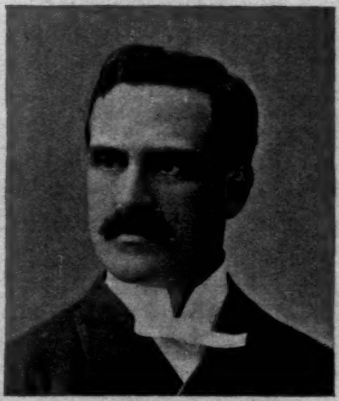
O. D. ROBINSON,
Principal of Albany High-School.



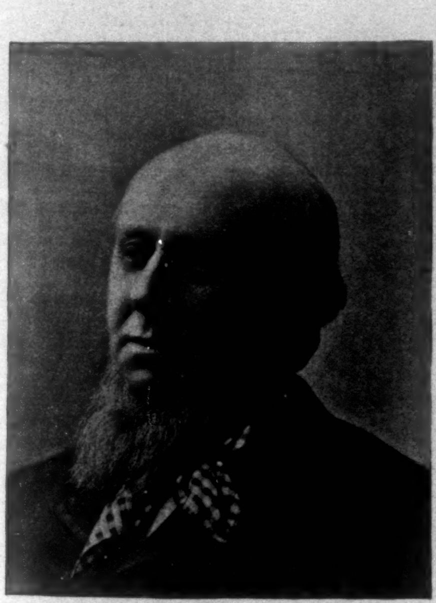
DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS,
Commissioner of Education.



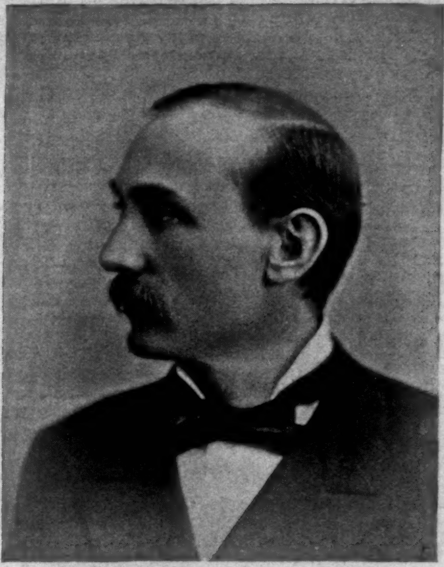
JOHN TETLOW,
Master of Girls' High-School, Boston.



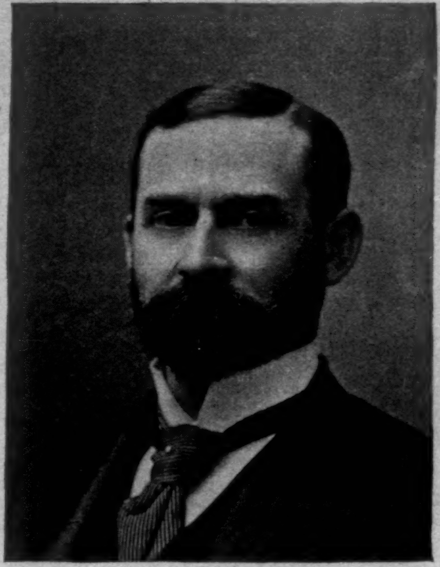
JAMES C. MACKENZIE,
Head Master of Lawrenceville (N. J.) School.



PRESIDENT JAMES B. ANGELL,
University of Michigan.



PRESIDENT JAMES H. BAKER,
University of Colorado.



PRESIDENT RICHARD A. JESSE,
University of Missouri.

THE "COMMITTEE OF TEN" OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

AN IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.

On November 8th, ten gentlemen, whose names are very familiar to teachers throughout the country, met at Columbia College in the city of New York, charged with a most important educational responsibility. This was nothing less than the preparation of a report to the National Council of Education, outlining, in general and in detail, the subjects of study that should be included in the curriculum of American secondary schools, both public and private, the best methods to be used in teaching the several subjects, and the proper character and demands of college entrance examinations. The importance of an authoritative pronouncement upon these subjects is very great, for while American elementary education has been reasonably well organized and developed, and the colleges have worked out a substantially uniform solution of their problem, the so-called high or preparatory schools have been allowed to drift. Taking the country as a whole, our institutions for secondary education are very defective. They lack unity of aim and purpose, their courses of study are chosen at random and without any guiding principle, and their methods of teaching are as various as the teachers employed. The consequence is that the colleges get large bodies of students who must spend a year or more of the four years' course in finding out what higher education means, and what it is all about.

So serious has this condition of affairs become, and so harmful are its effects on all schools, lower as well as higher, that the National Educational Association took the matter in hand at the annual meeting held at Saratoga in July, 1892. This association is a thoroughly representative body, including in its membership teachers of all grades and ranks, and from all sections of the country, and it was therefore enabled to take the matter up with the certainty that something would be accomplished. After much study and discussion it was decided to appoint a committee of ten, who should, as the authorized representatives of the organized teachers of the country, prepare an exhaustive report on the whole question of a course of study for secondary schools. The committee was appointed, and has since been known as the Committee of Ten. The sum of $2500 was appropriated to pay its necessary expenses. The members of the committee are President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, chairman; President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; President Richard A. Jesse, of the University of Missouri; President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College; Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Principal James C. MacKenzie, of the Lawrenceville (New Jersey) School; Principal O. D. Robinson, of the Albany (New York) High-School; Principal John Tetlow, of the Girls' High-School, Boston, Massachusetts; and Professor Henry C. King, of Oberlin College.

The committee met at Columbia College on November 7, 1892, and remained in session for three days, every member being in attendance. It was determined to divide into nine groups the present or possible subjects of study in secondary schools, and to submit a list of questions to a conference composed of ten specialists in each group. The groups were Latin; Greek; English; Other Modern Languages; Mathematics; Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoology, and Physiology); History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). The experts selected came from points as far distant as New Orleans, Helena, Montana, and Berkeley, California. The conferences were held during the last week of December, 1892, and of the ninety members invited, eighty-eight were present, the other two having valid excuses for their absence. Two of the conferences were held at Ann Arbor, Michigan; one at Poughkeepsie, New York; one at Washington, D. C.; one at Cambridge, Massachusetts; one at Madison, Wisconsin; and three at Chicago, Illinois.

The questions submitted to the several conferences by the Committee of Ten were as follows:

1. In the school course of study, extending approximately

from the age of six years to the age of eighteen years—a course including the periods of both elementary and secondary instruction—at what age should the study which is the subject of the conference be first introduced?

2. After it is introduced, how many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it?
3. How many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it during the last four years of the complete course, that is, during the ordinary high-school period?
4. What topics, or parts, of the subject may reasonably be covered during the whole course?
5. What topics, or parts, of the subject may best be reserved for the last four years?
6. In what form, and to what extent, should the subject enter into college requirements for admission? Such questions as the sufficiency of translation at sight as a test of knowledge of a language, or the superiority of a laboratory examination in a scientific subject to a written examination on a text-book, are intended to be suggested under this head by the phrase "in what form."
7. Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither?
8. At what stage should this differentiation begin, if any be recommended?
9. Can any description be given of the best method of teaching this subject throughout the school course?
10. Can any description be given of the best mode of testing attainments in this subject at college admission examinations?
11. For those cases in which colleges and universities permit a division of the admission examination into a preliminary and a final examination, separated by at least a year, can the best limit between the preliminary and the final examination be approximately defined?

The exhaustive and far-reaching character of these questions is apparent at a glance. It is not to be wondered at that the members of the Committee of Ten have devoted months to the study of the replies received from the conferences. This study on the part of individual members having been completed, the committee met last week to compare views and agree upon a report. It has been thought best not to announce any of the points of the report until the whole document is made public, which will probably happen within a few weeks. It may, however, be confidently predicted that when issued the report will carry sufficient weight to modify considerably, and eventually to improve greatly, the secondary education given in this country.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

A DAY WITH THE YALE TEAM.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE thing that impresses you most about the men who play football to-day is that they are so much younger than those who played on the 'varsity elevens when you were in college, and you are also puzzled by the fact that they all look alike. When you were in college, the eleven good men and true of each of the three great universities towered above you, and you could pick them out when the crowd swept over the field between the halves on Thanksgiving day by the way their canvas-covered shoulders rose above the head of every one else. They were giants in those days, and either for that reason, or on account of their sensational performances when on the field, each had an individuality of his own, and was as distinct from the others as are the characters in one of Shakespeare's plays. Now they are short and stocky, and only reach to your shoulder, and you look in vain for a familiar face or figure among them, and wonder how they can hope to do anything without at least one of the sensational "star" players of your day to help them out. It is not until you recognize the stout, well-groomed gentleman, with his trousers tucked up, who is acting as umpire, as one of these "giants," and "star" players of your college days, that you understand that the change lies in some one else, and that the men of your time were to many people, to your father, for instance, only eleven well set up boys, and that to him they all looked alike, and neither their names nor their faces bore any special significance.

The games of to-day are to you what the comedies of his day are to the man of the generation before you. It is the same game and the same comedy, but you both leave the field or the theatre saying, "You should have seen it when such a one was at half," or, "When so and so played the part," as the case may be. The only thing about the football men that, so far as I can see, still remains unchanged, is the fact that they patronize you, and make you feel your utter insignificance. It was so when you were in college, and it is so to-day. It may have been, possibly it was, that I took their greatness too seriously, but I remember now that I never laid violent hands on Hector Cowan or "Tilly" Lamar—which was not an easy thing to do—without wishing to apologize for my presumption, even though at the moment I might be sitting on his head. And later, when some irate captain would swear he had made five yards when I had seen him gain but two feet, I felt that I was using him badly, and wished he could understand what an inferior individual I felt myself to be. I quite appreciated in those days the feelings of the English umpire who whispered to W. G. Grace, when that champion knocked his wickets down, "Safe this time, Mr. Grace, but if you do it again, sir, I shall have to call it out."

Consequently it was rather with a feeling of humility that I went to New Haven last week to see how the Yale eleven prepares itself for Thanksgiving day. Mr. Frederic Remington went with no such feeling. He was returning to the scene of his former triumphs. It was an old story to him. But I do not think he had any idea that at his very first attempt to tell ex-Captain "Billy" Rhodes and Holter, the present manager, how to play the game, that they would at once remind him of that old, old story of how he dipped his jacket in a pool of blood at the slaughter-house to make it look more businesslike. It struck him as hardly fair, when so many traditions and landmarks had passed away, that that particular story should alone survive and rise up out of the past to confront him.

There is a yard back of the new gymnasium, which is now probably the first gymnasium in the country, where the team can practise without first having to walk three miles. It was here that we saw the eleven. They had breakfasted at the training-table, and had then gone to recitations and lectures, and now, at half past ten, were out for rehearsal. Very few people who watch football as it is played to-day have the least idea of how much is being done before them. They only see the result. Unless they watch a team at practice, and so know how carefully every little point is studied and worked out, they will never appreciate how good the final result is. All they see on the day of a great game is two lines of men breaking away suddenly and making for a bunch of three or four, who run shoulder to shoulder until one of them goes down, and there is a confused mass of legs, and the lines are formed once more, and the same thing happens again. The spectator does not see the opening being made in the line through which the man with the ball is eventually to go, nor the quarter reach it back to the man who passes it on to another, nor the interference of two more and the guarding of still another. It merely looks to him like a general stampede without judgment, and certainly without preconceived action. He hardly believes you when you tell him that to bring the ball these three yards five men had actively assisted the one who carried it, and that what they had to do, and the manner in which they were to do it, had been written out for them months before on a blackboard.

In the old days of long passes the spectator could understand what it was all about. He could see a ball when it went spinning through ten yards of space, and was caught on a run and carried by one man in and out and between eleven others, while the rest of his side trotted admiringly after him, and with no particular exhibition or feeling of responsibility. But to-day the men are as confidential as two partners at whist; they hand each other the ball as though they were ashamed of it, and wished to hide the fact that it had ever been in their possession; and while the startled spectator is looking for it in the arms of the man he saw take it one second before, he finds it is going off with an entirely different party at another end of the field. It is almost as difficult to tell where the ball is in a modern game as to pick out which thimble the little dried pea is under. In the old days we used to believe in privateers, and in the man who could gain forty yards all by himself, and by using his own legs and head to do it. But to-day the ground is gained in squadron formation, and we have no use for the man who wants to do things by himself; we desire, rather, the one who knows how to make use of the help of others. The line-breaker who can buck the centre for two or three yards, and do it continually, has taken the place of the sensational half-backs, who, if they made one or two great gains in a half, justified their existence.

The eleven were an hour practising "getting off" promptly, and it was interesting to think that all of that time was being given to so little a part of the whole. We used to think we had practised quite enough if we spent an hour racing around the field and occasionally kicking the ball and falling on it. But they know better than that now.

"Josh" Hartwell stood six of them in line, and when one of the "unemployed," on crutches, snapped the ball back, the six broke away on a run. They were learning to start quickly when their quarter put the ball in play, and they were supposed to be going through and past another rush-line. Some of them would shove themselves by taking a step back instead of starting off from the position they were in when the ball rolled back, and when they did this Hartwell would point out to them the damning evidence of this fact in the mark of their heels in the red mud, and make them try it over again. They were long, sad-faced young men, with a mass of hair that reached to the bridge of their noses when it fell forward, and with a patient demeanor that impressed you that there was much at stake, and that they were willing to suffer a great deal before they gave up. They all limped—everybody limped—even those who were practising; and the majority of them I discovered, when it was time to rub them down, were only held together by yards of rubber bandages, which they wore concealed about their persons. They were covered with porous plasters and sticking-plasters, and they were painted in fine stencil-like effects with iodine, and the bodies of most of them resembled envelopes that have passed through the Dead-letter Office, and have been stamped and cancelled and crossed and recrossed with directions. There is nothing so marvellous in surgery as the rapidity with which a Yale football player can recover from breakages and sprains that would send any other man to bed for a month. There was a young gentleman hopping around on crutches during the practice in the morning who awakened my sympathy in consequence, and who was completely cured by the sight of the excellent game the man who is trying for his place put up during the match in the afternoon. By seven o'clock he had thrown down his crutches, and was dancing a serpentine step in the gymnasium.

The game in the afternoon was with the eleven from Williams College, and it was chiefly interesting to me because it showed that Yale's opponents in such games were only regarded by her as objects to be experimented upon, and as nothing more serious. This would have hurt my feelings had I been a Williams man, but as I was not it appealed to me as amusing. It never occurred to the spectators to notice what a Williams man was doing or trying to do; they were only interested in what the Yale men did with him. It was like the proprietor of a new opera-house who goes up into the second gallery and orders a stage-hand to speak to him. He is not the least interested in what the stage hand has to say; he only seeks to learn from him something of the acoustic properties of his new house. And as soon as the first half was over the Yale team seated themselves in a row in the dressing-room and listened to what the coaches might have to say of their acoustic properties.

I do not think any one of them had the least idea of the score. The fact that Hickok had not missed a goal was of much more interest to them than was the number of goals he had kicked. It was also of interest to note that there were some men living to whom the eleven would listen meekly, as it was also interesting to see how differently these few chosen ones delivered themselves of their words of counsel. Hinkey, the captain, who looks like Hamlet, and who was never known to speak unless spoken to, shook his long hair at them and expressed his feelings sadly and decidedly but hopelessly. The team regarded him dejectedly, with their elbows on their knees and their chins on their hands, like children drinking in the sad story of their original sin and probable damnation. Then Knapp enlivened them a little by walking up and down and delivering himself in a kindly impersonal manner, aimed apparently at some one concealed in the roof, and with a deprecating good-humored smile, as though they need not listen unless they wished to. While this was proceeding Walter Camp came in at the back, exactly as though he had wandered in by mistake and was surprised to find an entire football eleven occupying the premises. He stood modestly out of sight and suggested to Rhodes, quite as though it was a matter of which he could not be expected to know much, that the ends seemed to him to be bending back into a half-circle, and that as this tended to shut in rather than to assist the backs, it would be perhaps a good thing if— Then he smiled pleasantly on Remington and me, and listened with apparently great interest when Rhodes strode out before the semicircle of players, and said: "Here, you fellows want to keep the ends up; you shut the halves in again and again. The ends crowd too much towards the centre, and—," etc., etc.

There is only one man in New Haven of more importance than Walter Camp, and I have forgotten his name. I think he is the president of the university. Everybody tells you this indirectly when they speak of Camp; and I was somewhat impressed with the fact that a street-car conductor came to his house and informed him that a car was waiting for him and his guests at the corner, a block below. It took his guests some time to find their gloves and veils and overcoats, and so, ten minutes later, the car conductor arrived again, and with apologetic mien asked if Mr. Camp's "party" would keep him much longer, as there were at the time six cars blocked, and each car loaded to the roof with students and towns-people going to the game. That is a specimen of public veneration that is of much more worth than a bronze statue.

After the game the eleven are taken in hand by four stalwart trainers stripped to the waist, and with muscles almost as fine as those of the men whose muscles are their especial care. It is a very interesting sight. I do not know a finer or a more inspiring one than these young men standing with their arms aloft, so that their chests are thrown well out, and with their legs rigid, while the trainer and "rubbers-down" knead them and rub and pull at them as unconcernedly as though they were scraping a marble statue. There are probably no men in America at this moment in such magnificent physical condition as these thirty-three young men of Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, as their appetites will prove if you have the honor to mess with them at the training-table, or as they will show you when they meet for championship honors at Springfield, and on Thanksgiving day.

A REBELLION IN NEW YORK.

IN the town of Gravesend, Long Island, there has been an open rebellion against the legal authority of the State of New York, and a forcible resistance of the processes of the Supreme Court. In Gravesend, John Y. McKane is the political boss, and he is as absolute a ruler as Lo Bengula has ever been in Matabele. The township of Gravesend includes that part of Long Island just south of Brooklyn, and within its boundaries are Coney Island, Gravesend Beach, and the villages of Sheepshead Bay, Greenfield, Kings Highway, and Gravesend. McKane is not only the political boss, but is the Chief of Police. In his official capacity he has under his command a much larger force of policemen than is usual except in large cities. This is due to the fact that the police is organized with reference to the great crowds that visit Coney Island during the summer and the three large race-tracks within the township. The police, the police justices, and all other officials are creatures of McKane, and they obey his orders at all times to the letter. Within the township, according to the last census, dwell some eight thousand persons. Such a population ordinarily polls about fifteen hundred votes. The vote in Gravesend, however, is usually much larger than this, and it is always cast as McKane dictates. He has this vote cast for the Democratic candidates when he so chooses, but now and then he gives it to the Republicans. As he indicates his preference the electors, in the proportion of from ten to twenty against one, cast their ballots. In preparation for the State election held on the 7th of November, there were registered more than sixty-one hundred votes in the town of Gravesend. Here was a manifest intention to commit a fraud.

In Brooklyn, which is in the same county as Gravesend, Mr. William J. Gaynor has for several years been the active, fearless, and uncompromising enemy of ring rule, and the foe of rascality in the city and county administration. In the contests that he has conducted in the courts he has met with so much success that the bosses hate him almost as much as they fear him. The Republicans and Independent Democrats nominated Mr. Gaynor as their candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. It became evident some weeks before the election that the good people in Brooklyn and Kings County were likely to overthrow the bosses at the polls, and these desperate law-breakers made preparations to do by fraud, if possible, what they could not accomplish with honest votes. Hence the immense registration at Gravesend.

Mr. Gaynor is not the man to sit quietly and permit wrong to be done without a protest. He therefore sent a force of clerks to Gravesend to copy the registration lists so that the eligibility of the electors might be inquired into. When these clerks arrived in Gravesend they were attacked by ruffians there, and arrested by the police on trumped-up charges of drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and vagrancy. They were sent to jail, but after a time were discharged. All of them were roughly handled and subjected to personal indignities. Mr. Gaynor then secured an order from Judge Cullen, of the Supreme Court, directing the Inspectors of Election in Gravesend to permit the copying of the registration lists. The inspectors avoided service of this order.

Meantime McKane had arranged to hold the election in Gravesend as he saw fit. He appointed both Democratic and Republican poll-watchers, and all of these were his willing henchmen. He said that the people of Gravesend must not be interfered with, but must be let alone to do their own voting in their own way. This was a declaration of independence of all authority but his own imperious and lawless will. The town of Gravesend is large in area, and is divided into six election districts. McKane, desiring to have all of the polling-places always under his own eye, has constructed these districts so that they all centre in the Town-hall. To do this he has had to connect some of the outlying districts with mere ribbons of land only a few inches wide. These ribbons broaden as they reach the Town-hall, so that each of the six polling-booths—three on each side of the hall—is within its proper district. This plan was at once simple and ingenious, and most convenient for McKane's purposes. Though Mr. Gaynor did not secure copies of the registration lists he determined to have, if possible, honest watchers in his behalf at the Gravesend polls on election day. From Judge Barnard, of the New York Supreme Court, he secured an injunction, directed to McKane individually, and as Chief of Police, and also addressed to the police, the officers of election, the people of Gravesend, and to all others, restraining any and all of them from interfering with the watchers appointed by the Republican County Committee. Mr. Gaynor then secured the appointment by this committee of the proper number of men, each of whom was an entirely reputable citizen of Kings County. These watchers included lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and merchants. At their head was Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, one of the counsel of the Republican Committee. To tell who Colonel Bacon is will give some idea of the class of men sent by Mr. Gaynor to Gravesend, as each one is a fit associate of this gentleman. Colonel Bacon is a graduate of West Point; he resigned and studied law, and now has a large law practice in Brooklyn. He is a Colonel in the National Guard.

These gentlemen, armed with the injunction from a Justice of the Supreme Court, arrived in Gravesend half an hour before the polls were open. McKane was already on hand with about fifty men in police uniforms and several hundred others, all instructed to do his bidding. Lines had been drawn around the Town-hall, and within these lines no man was suffered to go without permission from McKane or his lieutenants. The carriage in which Colonel Bacon and three of his associates drove to Gravesend stopped in front of the Town-hall. McKane was expecting the watchers. Colonel Bacon got out of the carriage and this conversation ensued:

McKane. "Mr. Bacon, I was expecting you. You're the man I am looking for. Now get out of here, and be quick about it."

Colonel Bacon. "Mr. McKane, I have an injunction here from the Supreme Court for you."

McKane. "Injunctions don't go here. I'll take no papers. I don't care a d—— for the Supreme Court or for Judge Barnard."

Colonel Bacon. "But you'll have to."

McKane (to his police). "Hustle this man out of here."

While this conversation was in progress Colonel Bacon was all the time trying to give McKane the order of the court. The boss of Gravesend held his hands behind him, but Colonel Bacon repeatedly touched McKane's person with the paper. This is said to be a sufficient service under the circumstances. When McKane ordered his men to hustle Colonel Bacon away they did so very quickly. They pushed and struck him and knocked him down several times. His clothes were torn and soiled, and he was more or less bruised. Then he was arrested for creating a disturbance, and taken to the jail at Coney Island. The companions and associate watchers with Colonel Bacon fared just about as he had done, though not all were arrested. Those not taken into custody hurried to Brooklyn and reported the outrage. Steps were at once taken to secure the release of those who had been arrested, and by noon all of them were free.

During the remainder of the day McKane and his men were undisturbed. They took no chances, however, but maintained a strict line around the Town-hall. No one not satisfactory to the boss was permitted to pass the lines. The tracks of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railway pass just in front of the Town-hall, and the passenger platforms are in the street over the way. Whenever a passenger got out of a train he was at once pounced upon and cross-examined as to the business that brought him to Gravesend. If his answers were not entirely satisfactory he was threatened with arrest unless he left town at once. And the police saw to it that those ordered away obeyed these orders. The newspaper reporters were permitted to have some liberty, but two of them were for a while under arrest. The law requires that all bar-rooms and saloons shall be kept closed while the polls are open. In the neighborhood of the Gravesend Town-hall every other house is a bar-room. Not one of these was closed at all during the day. On the contrary, they were conspicuously open, and all of them did so thriving a business that by noon of election day drunkenness was the rule in Gravesend. Before night had come, men stupid with drink were sleeping on the bare ground in the chief village of the kingdom of McKane.

There appears to be no doubt that McKane and his men will be brought to justice. They can be punished in various ways. Judge Barnard can punish them summarily for contempt of his orders; then they can be indicted and tried for a criminal contempt of court, the penalty for which is a fine of $500 and imprisonment for one year; then they can be indicted and punished for a violation of the ballot reform law, and here the penalty is a fine of from $250 to $3000, or imprisonment for from six months to three years, or both. A vigilant prosecuting officer would have no difficulty in finding evidence both as to the registration and the voting. There were some thirty-five hundred votes cast, more than twice as many as are qualified to vote in the town. And then the clerks who were arrested on a false charge, the watchers who were beaten and arrested, and all others who were maltreated by the orders of McKane, have redress by civil actions for damages against McKane and his henchmen. If these men be followed up with the vigor and righteous zeal that their crimes should excite, each of them will get some measure of his deserts, and the rebellion in Gravesend, in the State of New York, will have ended in an advantage to the State and the good people of it, for a number of criminals will be placed in prison, where they belong, and the criminal classes will have been taught that the law is supreme, and must be respected and obeyed.

Mr. Gaynor was elected by 30,000 votes in a county which is generally Democratic by 25,000 votes.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

BRACE UP YOUR SYSTEM

With the agreeable tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. We will foreshadow the results for you. They are a gain in vigor, flesh, and appetite; ability to digest thoroughly and sleep soundly; quietude of the nerves; a disappearance of bilious symptoms; regularity of the bowels. Malaria, rheumatism, and kidney trouble are removed by this grand restorative of health.—[*Adv.*]

"All things come to those who wait"
And "it comes our way."

Four Medals at the New Orleans Exposition in 1885.

Six Medals at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893.

"Home Comfort" Steel and Malleable Ranges lead all others.

The Wrought Iron Range Company of St. Louis, Mo., have been awarded First Prizes on all their Exhibits.

Six Medals for distinguished merits in their goods.

Award No. 1. For Hotel and Family Ranges made of wrought steel and malleable iron, for the practical introduction of malleable iron in the manufacture of ranges, which gives increased strength with lightness and durability, especially for the manner of securing, supporting, and strengthening the malleable iron range tops, effectually preventing warping and cracking.

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Award No. 4. For an excellent and attractive exhibit of Hotel and Family Ranges and appliances for hotel or restaurant use, including a broiler, sand oven, steam and carving table and a set of urns.

Award No. 5. For an improvement in the construction of broilers, with a broad apron in the front.

Award No. 6. For a convenient combination of a steam table, with a carving table, well designed and made in the best manner.

These Awards they may justly be proud of, as they were given after the sharpest and most persistent competition on the part of other prominent and reliable Range and Stove Manufacturers from other cities in this, as well as foreign countries.

While their leading line is that of Family Ranges, which are sold from their own wagons in nearly every state and territory in the Union, it is pleasing to note the grand success that has attended their efforts to produce a line of goods made exclusively for Hotels and Restaurants, Public Institutions, etc., and on which they also received the highest Awards, as above noted.

Hotel Kitchen Outfitting has become a specialty with this Company, and wherever they have placed their goods they have given the greatest satisfaction.

The history of the Wrought Iron Range Company is so closely interwoven with that of St. Louis, that one is not complete without the other. The history of St. Louis can never be written without a reference to the establishment of the Wrought Iron Range Company.

Their patrons in the east, west, north, and south will be glad to learn of the tributes paid this Company by the Judges of Awards at the late World's Exposition.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years. As a food for infants it has no equal..—[*Adv.*]

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when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

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Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

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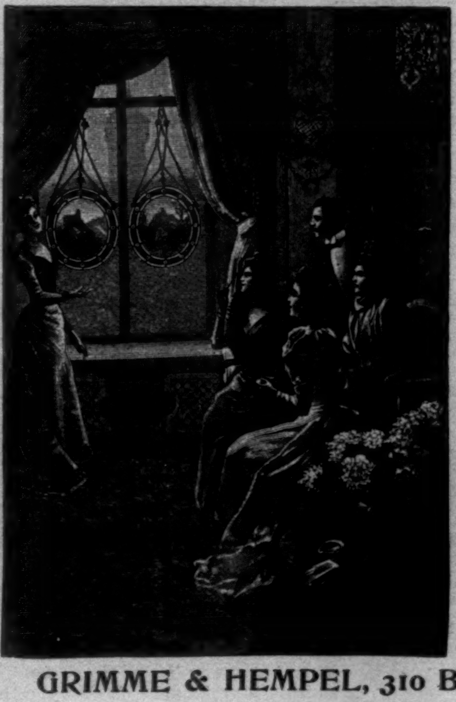

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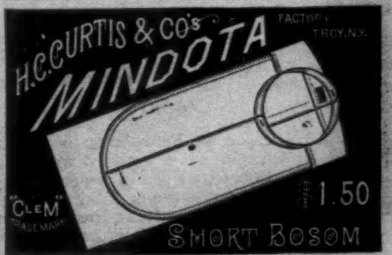

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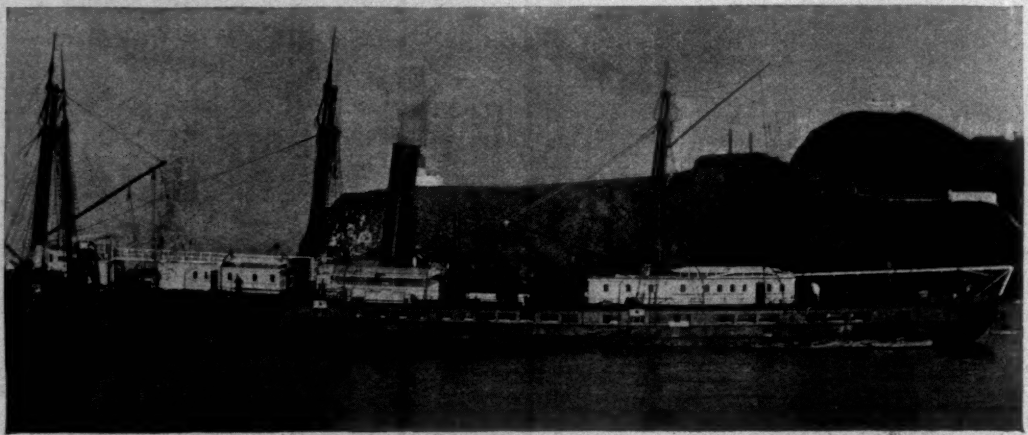
GEORGE D. RUGGLES,
Adjutant-General of the United States Army.

FRANK D. JACKSON,
Governor-Elect of Iowa.

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

General George D. Ruggles, whom President Cleveland on November 6th appointed Adjutant-General of the army, has had a long and distinguished military career. In 1851 he was appointed a cadet at the United States Military Academy from Poughkeepsie. He was graduated four years later, and within a few months received a commission as Second Lieutenant of infantry. He was rapidly promoted, and in 1862 was made Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major. In 1880 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1889 he received his commission as Colonel.

General Ruggles rendered important service to the cause of the Union during the war of secession. From July, 1861, to June, 1862, he was on duty in the office of the Adjutant-General at Washington, charged with the duty of raising and organizing volunteer companies. Late in 1862 he began his active duties in the field. He was attached to the Army of Virginia as Assistant Chief of Staff with General McClellan. In the following year he was recalled to Washington as an adviser of Secretary Stanton, and later he engaged in the work of the conscription bureau, in which he had shown distinguished ability. His last service during the war was in the capacity of Adjutant-General of the Army of the Potomac.



THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER "CITY OF NEW YORK" ON THE ROCKS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 1113.]

General Ruggles's services in the field were not less distinguished than his successful organization of volunteer forces. The first action in which he was engaged was the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and he was present at Appomattox Court House when General Lee surrendered, April 9, 1865. Between those two events he took part in eleven important engagements. His name is associated with the two days' fight on the Rappahannock, the battles of Waterloo Bridge, Gainesville, Groveton, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, the skirmishes at Snickers Gap and Hatchers Run, the assault and capture of Petersburg, and the final pursuit of General Lee's army. On April 9, 1865, at the close of the war, he received his appointment as Brevet Brigadier-General, "for gallant and meritorious services during the operations resulting in the fall of Richmond, Virginia, and the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee."

Since the war he has been Adjutant-General of the Division of the Atlantic, and of the departments of the East, the Lakes, the Platte, Dakota, Texas, the Pacific, California. From 1880 to 1885 he was in the Adjutant-General's office at Washington, an appointment which was renewed on December 17, 1892. General Ruggles has thus been trained by a long service to fill the place of Adjutant-General, and his appointment has given peculiar satisfaction in army circles. Brigadier-General Robert Williams, whom he succeeds, was graduated from West Point in 1851, and since that time has been continuously in the service of the army.

PETER ILTITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

It is somewhat startling just in the present peculiar status of music as a creative art that two composers of such broad and undisputed distinction as Charles Gounod and Peter Tschaikowsky should pass from the world within a fortnight of each other. The news of Tschaikowsky's sudden death in St. Petersburg from cholera was cabled to the press of November 7th. It brought a distinct sense of shock to New York, not only among the Russian composer's considerable personal acquaintance here, but to our musical public in general. Mr. Seidl, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Nikisch, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Gericke, and others have steadily aroused a special enthusiasm in the city for much of Tschaikowsky's most characteristic work. In addition to such an acquaintance with him in the abstract, his participation here in 1891 as a conductor in the elaborate dedication concerts of the Carnegie Music Hall left New York with a strong conviction of his merits as a magnetic and efficient orchestra leader.

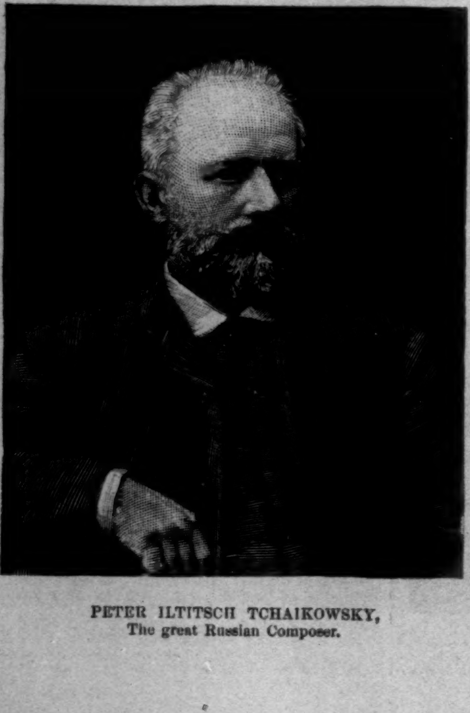
Tschaikowsky was born in 1840 at Wotkinsk (one of the Ural cities), and entered upon a responsible government post before he decided to give himself entirely to a musical life. In the Russian National Conservatory, where he studied, he was a pupil of Anton Rubinstein, and he so distinguished himself as to be among the institution's professorial staff after his course was completed. He was associated with the conservatory about a dozen years. After 1878 he gave all his time to composition and direction, with the result of that remarkable group of symphonic and other scores, frequently of large dimensions and of the most elaborate development, performed in every musical centre, from St. Petersburg to Australia, from Moscow to New York. His activity was great, and his success proportionate. Even in remembering a tendency among critics to overvalue the musical message of Russia to the rest of the world (exactly as Russia's literary message has been over-exploited), Tschaikowsky's was an intellect that gave utterance to things extraordinarily impressive and beautiful, and cosmopolitan in their acceptability. He was emphatically national in his themes, even more patently national both in themes and treatment than Rubinstein; but he seldom showed the Slav in him repellently. He was a genius in the splendor of his resources in instrumentation, and at times his finest scores attain climaxes of high and absolute distinction in effectiveness everywhere admitted. By turns sombre, passionate, trifling, dramatic, and often sumptuously barbaric in his work, he astonishes and dazzles where he may not always please. The Teutonic color of much of Rubinstein's work leaves Tschaikowsky a more direct exponent of the Russian in music than the older master, who, by-the-bye, will probably not long be spared to the world.

He is an undoubted loss to art. Gounod's career and influence had become preteristic; it was removed widely from the symphony. Tschaikowsky's was a vital, potent, brilliant light, that of a sort of Alpha Lyræ of Russia, and much yet was to be expected from him. He was in the plenitude of his fame and industry. Only a few days before he left New York in 1891 he remarked, cordially, to one who had met him frequently during his brief visit, "I shall surely come over here again, and see what you are all doing in music here, and how well you may be liking what *I* am doing." His unexpected death reminds the writer of the kindly remark, and of the cancellation of a courteous hope and a splendid career.

E. I. S.

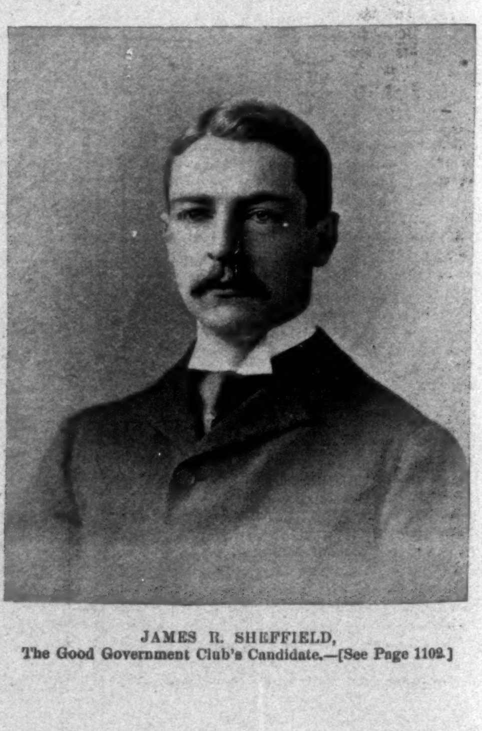
DR. JOHN C. PETERS.

Dr. John C. Peters, one of the oldest and most distinguished physicians of New York city, died last month at his country residence, "The Corners," East Williston, Queens County, Long Island. Dr. Peters was a general practitioner of the old-fashioned kind, though also a specialist of note. His patients were among the older families in New York, and among them was Washington Irving, who was also an intimate friend of Dr. Peters. Dr. Peters was born in Varick Street in 1819, and there he spent his earlier years,



PETER ILTITSCH TCHAIKOWSKY,
The great Russian Composer.

DR. JOHN C. PETERS,
The distinguished Cholera Specialist.



JAMES R. SHEFFIELD,
The Good Government Club's Candidate.—[See Page 1102.]

though he was sent to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to school. His medical education was begun in Vienna, and pursued in Leipsic and Berlin. He was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1842. Then he returned to New York, where he received the diploma of the New York Medical Society in 1844, and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1845. He was a member of various medical societies, such as the Academy of Medicine, the Medico-Legal Society, the County Medical Society, the Pathological Society, and so on, and at one time and another he served as president of most of these. When he began practice he was a homœopath, but he soon abandoned this school for that of allopathy. Dr. Peters's most conspicuous public service was in his investigation and study of Asiatic cholera. On this disease he was an authority quoted and respected all over the civilized world. He wrote several treatises on cholera, and was among the first to hold to the germ theory of the disease. In 1873 he made an extended tour, by instruction of the New York Board of Health, to study the cholera epidemic. Five years later, in the same interest, he made a tour of the Southern and Western cities to study the yellow fever, upon which disease he was also an authority. His reports on these epidemics were published by the United States government. In addition to these diseases, Dr. Peters was also a specialist on Bright's disease and nervous disorders. But it was as a general practitioner that he was best known, and as such he was truly distinguished. He was a man of great public spirit, of spotless character, and enjoyed the warm regard of the best men in his own profession. The hard work caused by the illness of his patients during the grippe epidemic of 1890 brought on the first severe sickness of his life. After recovering he retired from practice, having realized that he was no longer young enough to do the hard work that would devolve upon him if he consented to remain in active life.

MASSACHUSETTS, OHIO, IOWA.*

A POLITICAL movement, very much in the nature of a revolution, which shows itself in a decisive fashion in so remote and dissimilar States as Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa, cannot be explained away by "local causes." When, therefore, we find two States like Massachusetts on the Atlantic coast, and Iowa at the extreme northwestern line of the more thickly settled and highly organized part of the Union, voting out the Democrats and voting in the Republicans, we know that the storm belt was a very extensive one, and that the forces at work were of great vigor and intensity. This is the plainer because both these States have within a few years changed from being "reliable" Republican States to indulgence in the most adventurous and conspicuous forms of independent Democracy, and both largely on the issue of the tariff, dividing the two parties most sharply and apparently most irreconcilably. The interest of the problem presented is all the greater when Ohio, a doubtful State with Republican leanings, gives Mr. McKinley, the very apostle and hero of extreme protection, a majority not equalled by any candidate since the stirring times of war.

Again, the situation is made more striking by the fact that in neither of these three States was the Republican candidate a man likely to attract the voters who have so recently changed the political character of their State governments, and by the further fact that on State issues the Republican party enjoyed, to say the least, no advantage over its rival, but, on the whole, quite the contrary. Mr. Greenhalge is a politician of much skill and persistence, an active party worker, a master of the art of organization, and was believed to be strong in the allegiance of men of his class. But he was not eminent in Congress, he was without special force as a political thinker, and he was no match at all for his opponent, Mr. Russell, as a public speaker. Mr. McKinley is certainly very much beloved in his State, and is the idol of his party, while he is respected by everybody. He could be relied on to bring out the full party vote in times of party excitement, but his name was more intimately than any other linked with the policy so flatly condemned in the national elections of last year, and his administration of the Governor's office had not been particularly good—had, in fact, been lax and ineffective. In Iowa Governor Boies was distinctly a strong man, and was especially strong with the independent voters, who had given the State to the Democrats under his lead, he being in every essential regard a representative of their class, of its ideas and tendencies, and even of its defects. Mr. Jackson we cannot speak definitely of, but he was surely not a man of high rank in politics, and was inferior in regard to the qualities supposed to be valued by the independents in Governor Boies.

So that here we have a curious complication in three States—in two of them, a strong independent Democrat defeated by weak Republicans; in the third, an overwhelming majority—the majorities are heavy in all cases—for a candidate who may be called relatively weak. Doubtless there were local influences in each State. Mr. Russell was heavily handicapped by the cynical betrayal of the reform cause by ex-Assistant Secretary of State Josiah Quincy, who went back home to "manage" the canvass. Mr. Neal, in Ohio, was closely connected with the anti-Cleveland faction of his party, and was, moreover, a rather noisy advocate of very extreme tariff views. Governor Boies had been "ploughing with strange heifers," as the local phrase is, in the matter of free silver, and was particularly obnoxious to the temperance men of the State, who held him responsible for the outrages perpetrated in several instances by the liquor men, or at their instigation. But in each case these influences would have been of small account, say, last year, and were unquestionably no stronger than like influences unfavorable to the Republican candidates. We shall not essay here to describe the forces of a national character that worked together in these three States, but we have thought it might be interesting to our readers to point out over what a wide area, with what great effect, and in what peculiar circumstances these national forces have acted.

A NOTABLE MARINE DISASTER.

ON the afternoon of October 26th the Pacific Mail Steamship *City of New York*, leaving San Francisco *en route* for Japan and China, met with a serious disaster. The afternoon being foggy, the steamship, under full headway, struck on the rocks at Point Bonita. Point Bonita lies north of the entrance to the Golden Gate.

This fine ship, of 1964 tons, was built in Chester in 1875, and had the reputation of being a fast and stanch steamer. Her cargo consisted mainly of flour, with beans, shrimps, and those various supplies which find a market in the far East. She carried a fair amount of treasure—$191,200 in silver. The total value of her cargo, with that of the silver, would amount to $230,000, the value of the vessel being estimated at $300,000.

As soon as the *City of New York* struck, her disaster was made known by the firing of her cannon. The sound was heard at Point Lobos, and the character of the trouble being known, all available tugs were sent to the assistance of the disabled steamer. It was apparent that the *City of New York* was fast wedged on the rocks. There was no danger to passengers, who were at once carried to San Francisco, without loss of baggage.

Up to the latest date efforts were still being made to move the ship off the rocks. The difficulty of working with stranded vessels on the Pacific coast is notably increased by the heavy seas. The *City of New York* being, however, a very strongly built ship, it will probably resist a great deal of pounding before breaking up.

The illustration shows the *City of New York* with the tugs from San Francisco, the small craft vainly trying to move the big ship off the ledge of rocks.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE PATHETIC TALE OF THE BIG MACHINE.

THERE were some little heelers, and they entered politics,
And worked a lot of charming, though alarming, little tricks;
And, oh, they were so very cute, they thought that they'd construct
A fine machine by means of which elections they'd conduct.

It was an elegant affair—they built it all of brass;
And for a while it seemed to work in shape that was first class.
A man could drop his nickel in its little slot so neat,
And very soon upon the Bench he'd find a pleasant seat.

Small Billie'd push a button, and a city proud and free
Would wake to find itself in bonds of abject slavery;
Or maybe Dave would turn a crank, the wheel would buzz and roar,
And soon we'd see a brewer on the U. S. Senate floor.

Then Roswell he'd drop in the slot a handsome coin or two,
And that machine would test his weight, just as some others do;
And when his weight was found, 'twould multiply the same by eight,
So that to some the boy would seem to be surpassing great.

But—woe is me that it should be!—that lovely brass machine,
Whose like nowhere in all the world before was ever seen,
One autumn drear got buzzing in a truly frightful way,
And something dropped upon it—oh, alack and well-a-day!

And Billie's little button and great Roswell's little slot
And Davy's crank into a dreadful tangle straightway got;
And now if you should pass it, you would notice that it bears
This placard most pathetic, "We have shut down for repairs."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AMATEVR - SPORT

A CONGRESS OF UNIVERSITIES has been suggested in this department before now, as an effective and peaceful means to a desired end of the bickering and an equable adjustment of all rules appertaining to the players on and off the football field, and to the game itself. In the light of the Princeton-Pennsylvania game, November 4th, and of the happenings previously and subsequently to that disgraceful scene, such a congress has become a necessity. We have reached the point where the honesty of our college athletic teams has become of national interest; it is no longer a question to be left with the boys themselves to decide: it has grown to be a matter for the earnest consideration of every father in the land, and it is for them in turn to look to the faculties of the colleges for the honest interpretation of fair rules. For the duty of the faculties, I refer every college professor and every father to the editorial page of this issue, where he will find it set forth plainly by one who does not wish to pose as a model disciplinarian, but whose belief is firm in football being the best moulder of a boy's character.

WHAT A SAD THOUGHT it is that among those manly fellows whose courage and playing we admire there are boys who may be induced to barter their physical strength—for what? For a few weeks of play, and a reputation they carry into their business and down to the grave as the man who was not a "straight" student. How despicable the tempter!

Sad as it may be, the fact remains that there are alumni, and even members of the faculty, who fill this Mephistophelian rôle, and that men do play on university athletic teams who are virtually professionals. Does any father, any man of intelligence, realize what this dishonesty in college sport means? It means that your boy who goes there honest, with good clean principles, is apt, even if he does not actually fall from grace, to have his ideas on fair and honest dealing very unwholesomely broadened. Furthermore, it means that unless immediately and completely checked, the entire fabric of college sport will become saturated with professionalism of the worst type, because dishonest. It may be set down as irrefutable that a man who is dishonest in sport will be dishonest in other directions, whenever the opportunity and inclination are coincident.

FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL ASSOCIATIONS have been unable, or unwilling, or both, to cope with this constantly spreading evil; college faculties have rolled their eyes in wise conceit, and done nothing save talk of eliminating athletics, which, as every thinking man knows, have done more to cleanse the undergraduate body of its vicious excesses and elevate the *morale* of the universities than all the lectures delivered time out of mind. To cut off athletics would be to plunge the students into the dissipations which many a mature reader of this department knows full well held unbridled sway in his and our college days. Athletics must be maintained, and upon an honest, clean basis. Therefore, in the name of the fathers and of honest manly sport, I call on the faculties within and the alumni without our universities to wipe out all semblances of professionalism in college sport, which, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion.

THE CONFIDENCE WITH WHICH the undergraduates of Yale and Princeton have come to the University Athletic Club for a business and sportsmanlike management of the Thanksgiving day game seems to me to suggest that this club is destined to become the balance-wheel of college sport. And surely it is eminently fitted for such a responsible position, since the men most closely identified with all that is good in college sport are equally identified with the excellent work the club has already done.

The football association is practically dead, for by the withdrawal of Wesleyan and Pennsylvania only Yale and Princeton are left in, and they need no association. Nor does football need it; leagues and associations lead to politics, and there has already been too much politics in college sport. The ideal arrangement is a series between natural rivals, with a faculty fulfilling its duty in refusing to throw the "*bona fide* students" cloak over imported players, and the alumni, as represented by, say, the University Athletic Club, to manage big games, and insist on the teams containing only honest students.

ASIDE FROM THE MERE ELIGIBILITY of the question, the make-up of a university eleven should be of utmost importance to both faculty and *alumni*, since a 'varsity eleven, nine, crew, or team goes forth to the public as the representative of that university, and as it deports itself, so the *alma mater* is honored or disgraced.

There is much for the faculty and alumni to consider: the gathering of athletic stars from other universities (it is to be checked by the one year's residence rule in the new laws, to be sure, but that is not the end of it), donating fellowships to men who are wanted for some team, and who are at college for no other purpose, and the score of other ways a man is supported in cheating the honest athletic laws—the return to college of *bona fide* students for the baseball or football season, and their departure immediately after it—the management of games by private individuals for private gain—the extraordinary charge for tickets to football games especially—the importance of gate receipts—and the cessation of Roman holidays as represented by the Thanksgiving day game in New York. If there must be a game on that day, let it be on college grounds, or, better still, let it be on the Saturday and on college grounds also. This worship of the Golden Calf has spread ruin before, and it will devastate the game of football unless the idol is shattered. The game makes too much money to-day, and it is demoralizing all who are being enriched by it.

At least we are promised an end next year to one of these evils, viz., the hiring of a football field from men who charge exorbitant rental, and have no sympathy with college men or their aims. It is altogether likely that in '94 the recently acquired field of Columbia College will be prepared as no field has ever been prepared before for the large games held in this vicinity, and, under the supervision of the University Athletic Club, give us, at a reasonable entrance fee, a college game managed by college sportsmen.

WHAT SOPHISTRY IS THIS, after all, that sends baseball and football captains and managers scurrying after belated stars! Can there be found a close student of college sport who will deny that the energy and time spent in recruiting "cracks" from the smaller colleges and elsewhere could be devoted to the development of the abundant material at home with much more substantial and lasting benefit to the university concerned? And if there is such a one, let him study the history of Yale's athletic record, which leads all others in football, baseball, and rowing, as the result of home-made athletes.

Those who are looking for an explanation of Yale's remarkable success may find it in this *esprit de corps*, born of a shoulder to shoulder progress in a common school. Harmony, united interests, and dogged determination to win have combined to make the Yale spirit of which we so often hear.

There has been very little—so little as to be lost in the multitude of home product—forsaking the substance for the shadow at New Haven. I cannot think at the moment of a single man on the long list of Yale's famous athletes who was not developed at Yale. Give me the athlete bred in the university on whose team he is fighting, for he is of the men who "die in the last ditch." I have known but one or two transplanted athletes whose spirit reached this pitch.

AND THE FOLLY OF NEGLECTING the raw home material! Compare the Harvard and Yale baseball nines the last two years. Harvard, with upwards of 2000 students, many hundred more than Yale, had a team largely composed of stars and ex-captains of smaller colleges. Yale developed a nine from her material at hand, the pitcher excepted, whose members, although individually unknown as compared with Harvard, nevertheless made a combination that broke even in '92, and was an exceedingly close second in '93. On the other hand, consider the marvellous record of Harvard in track athletics, entirely the work of James Lathrop, from the material that came to him from year to year.

Princeton's football experience preaches the same lesson. In '89 they had, by calling back a number of old players, undoubtedly the strongest team that has ever played football in America, and they won; but the next year, in '90, with all the stars gone, and no material developed to take their place, they were utterly routed. It has taken three years for Princeton to correct that fatal error. In another field the Manhattan Athletic Club's miserable collapse sounds the same warning, and the more thorough the search the stronger grows the moral. It is suicidal to ignore the untried men who may be had for the asking. The worship of the star athlete, unlike the quality of mercy which blesseth him that gives and him that receives, damns both.

THE PRINCETON-PENNSYLVANIA GAME, with its slugging and foul play, furnished so much of an unsavory nature that in the grievous regret at having been an eye-witness of the exhibition one almost loses trace of whatever there was of good football. Football is not a gentle game, and we all, or at least a great many of us, have had our turn in and behind the line. We have had black eyes and sore limbs, and know the aches of the day after a hard game. But there is

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* HARPER'S WEEKLY published a portrait of Governor-elect Greenhalge in No. 1923 (October 28, 1893), and one of Governor McKinley in No. 1914 (August 26, 1893).

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(WITH CHAPTER ON TEAM-PLAY.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

a great difference between hard, clean football, and a foul, "dirty" (if I may be pardoned the expressive though harsh adjective) game; one is the honest matching of one's skill against another, the other is the despicable resort of a coward, unable to win by fair means. It is the jumping on a prostrate opponent, kicking him, twisting his neck on a tackle, and other foul methods of "doing up" your man that excites my criticism.

How is it to be stopped? First and foremost by getting gentlemen on the teams, and men who have an honest right to be there. On a mental retrospect it occurs to me that the foulest players I remember on college elevens, with a rare exception here and there, have been men who were neither sportsmen at heart nor entirely fitted to represent their 'varsity in any field. As I write, and the names of these men come to me, I note their want of genuineness, of sportsmanship, has clung to them, and as they were looked at askance on the college grounds, so are they now in their chosen walks of life.

The second and auxiliary method of stopping foul play is to have two umpires instead of one, who cannot possibly keep his eyes on twenty-two men at the same time, and to rule men off on the very first evidence of slugging. Once a man is ruled off he should be thrust incontinently outside of the ropes and off the grounds—about the severest penalty that could be inflicted on an earnest player.

THERE HAS BEEN QUITE AN EXPLOSION of rhetorical fireworks, from first to last in the recent few weeks, over the causes, of one kind and another, that led up to Pennsylvania's resignation from the Football Association; but after an entirely impartial review of the situation, I cannot discover any just cause for the display. The unbiassed facts are these: That the undergraduate rule was passed last winter; that the present season was begun with it in force; that both Pennsylvania and Princeton knew they were violating the rule in training certain men for their teams. The fact of the new rule (recently passed) going into operation at once cuts no figure in the case at all, as both colleges were *already debarred* from playing under the undergraduate rule. That the one year's residence clause of the new rule enabled Princeton to play both King and Balliett, and consequently removed the barrier to their meeting Yale, was their good fortune. But to charge that it was passed to "down" Pennsylvania is not only untrue, but absurd, since Pennsylvania was already "downed" by the rules in force at the beginning of the season; and the one year's residence rule has been talked of a year, to my certain knowledge. Moreover, such a charge is further disproved by the fact that Princeton did play Pennsylvania without protesting a single man, and Yale undoubtedly would have done the same, but for Pennsylvania's exhibition of bad temper on Manheim Field, November 4th. And as to the charge that Yale backed the new rule to strengthen her own team, that also is left without a leg to stand on by the fact that although sorely needing them, Yale has not called on Graves or Sanford, who are eligible under the new rules. Pennsylvania will raise herself best in the opinion of sportsmen by maintaining silence, by playing clean football, and overhauling some internal athletic machinery. No university is more favored with earnest, able graduate advisers, and I have confidence in their good faith and future work.

AS TO THE GAME ITSELF, November 4th, it may be said to have been won by the exceptional work of the Princeton forwards. Wheeler, in particular, played a game that must be considered on a par with Heffelfinger's; his breaking through and tackling were superb. Taylor, also, proved a better man than Hall ever did, and should be kept on the team. Both Holly and Lea at tackle entirely overweighted their opponents, and Lea had a particularly hard time, as he was opposite that brute Reese. The ends were more evenly matched, Simmons taking care of Trenchard a couple of times so effectually that Osgood went round that end for good gains.

Pennsylvania's generalship was very poor. Neither Knipe nor Gelbert did very much, but Brooks covered himself with glory; he was the only man who could make an impression on the Princeton line, and his tackling and catching were the best on the field. Osgood got away for a couple of end runs by Simmons's clever work, and made one exceptionally fine tackle.

King, with one exception, played his usual hard, clever game, and Morse's tackling and bucking were the most effective of the Princeton backs. Blake, although somewhat slow, earned his right to the place, for he has that most-to-be-desired quality in a full-back, reliability, and punts a hard ball to handle. Balliett was steady and strong, and his patience notable. The condition of the field made really good football a difficulty, and there was fumbling and muffing galore on both sides, the single touchdown resulting from a blocked kick by Wheeler, Trenchard falling on the ball. Princeton could not get in her interference around the ends because of the mud, and from the fact that Pennsylvania seemed to have an extraordinary knowledge of where the play was going every time it was tried. Pennsylvania, indeed, seemed as familiar with the signals as Princeton herself. Princeton's wretched fumbling twice lost her the ball near the Pennsylvania's 10-yard line. The condition of the field operated to her detriment, and it is my opinion Princeton would have made at least two more touch-downs but for that fact.

IF HARVARD, YALE, AND PRINCETON were to meet this week on the football field, it is my opinion that Harvard would defeat Yale, and that Princeton would win from both. Aside entirely from their play, I have never seen a team in better physical condition than Princeton's; every man looks in the pink of condition, and there is a buoyancy in their movements off the field and a snap in their play that show they have not been worked stale. As a rule, teams get too many hours per day of football. Harvard played last week as though such an allopathic prescription had been compounded for her eleven. Not that I wish to be understood as saying men are worked too hard, as much as meaning they are given too much of football day in and day out. However, on the comparative merits of the elevens, we shall write next week and the week following, as their big games arrive to make such comment timely.

HARVARD'S HARDEST GAME of the season, by long odds, was against the Boston Athletic Association, November 7th, and it must have given the 'varsity and its coachers a practical lesson in their weaknesses. The B.A.A. played good football, the best that has ever been developed by any athletic club eleven save one or two of the old-time Crescent's teams when Duncan Edwards, Wyllys Terry, Harry Beecher, Billy Bull, Alex. Moffatt, and the Le Marche brothers made the Brooklyn club team the strongest outside of the larger colleges. The Boston eleven played a strong and spirited team game, which is the more praiseworthy considering they practise together but three times a week, and what coaching they have received has come from themselves. And they played with a snap that looked the snappier with Harvard's lethargic work as a background. Anthony and Peters were of infinitely more use to their side than any of the 'varsity backs save Brewer. Both the defensive and offensive plays of the B.A.A. were good, and they are undoubtedly the strongest eleven next to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania.

THE CHIEF IMPRESSION OF HARVARD one carried away after their game with the B.A.A. was that they were loggy. Whether from too much football, too much training-table, or indifference, they worked as though only half awake. It must be acknowledged, however, that much of the general drowsiness came about through the slowness of Fairchild, who was considerably below his limit in passing, and who gave almost no service in interference. If he handles the ball as lazily at Springfield, the centre men will have their hands full keeping Yale from spoiling several plays. He did not play last week so well as last year, nor in anything like the form he showed against Foster when the latter was put on the first and Fairchild on the second eleven. He has much better work in him than he did on the 7th, and I expect him to show it, for I am sure he has the right spirit. Brace up, my boy.

As the quarter plays, so of course, to a very large extent, must the play behind the line be regulated. If the ball is slow reaching the backs after the centre has snapped it, they are slow getting under way, the interference is thrown out of touch, and the play likely to be broken up before it has fairly begun. This will partly explain how it came about that Harvard's interference was broken up so continuously in the B.A.A. game. The Harvard end plays were so long beginning that when they came off it was more by good luck than good management; even in bucking the line, the ball was so long getting to the runner that the hole was just as often as not apt to be closed by the time he reached it.

Then again the guarding of the runner was bad; the interference formed all right, and started promisingly, but apparently believed its duty fulfilled in loping ahead of the man with the ball, with never a thought of a tackle coming from the side or behind. Neither Clark nor Gouterman played up to 'varsity form, and Wrightington did better

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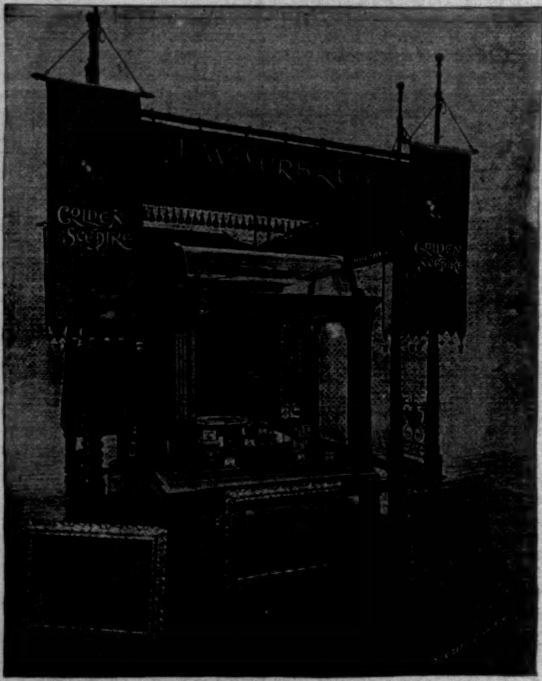

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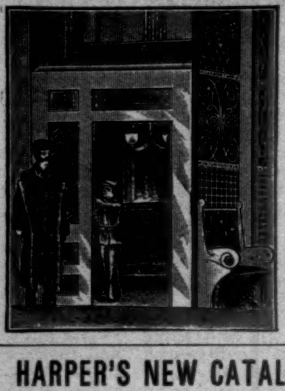

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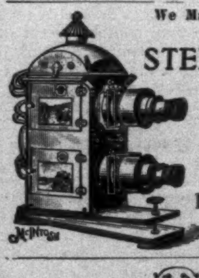

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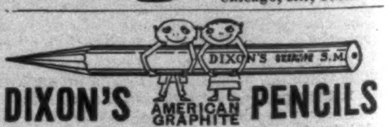

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than either; Gray did good work for the short time he played, but Brewer was the only man back of the line to show 'varsity form. The ends, Stevenson and Blanchard, were awake, but the B.A.A. mass plays went through about every other place on the line, even once through Lewis. Neither Captain Waters nor Emmons was playing.

For all the discouraging showing, Harvard has an eleven that when it strikes its gait will be the most difficult to keep from scoring that Yale has ever met, and signs point to their striking it before the Springfield game. What they seem to stand most in need of now is a slight let up on the daily grind, and a chance to bottle up a little ginger.

YALE COACHES HAVE THE GREATEST TASK before them they have ever had to put their eleven in winning form for Springfield and Thanksgiving-day games, though of course the first will in a large measure fit them for the second. Not that the eleven is so weak, but the opponents stronger than usual. Whenever a Yale team is not able nowadays to run up a big score on an opponent, the popular cry seems to be that "Yale is weak." The fact is, however, that Yale has been acting all these years as an instructor to apt pupils who have been drawing nearer their preceptor year by year. They have developed at New Haven many of the most skilful players we have ever had, and each year's team has had one or more of them, consequently the present eleven suffers by comparison. The difference may not be so great between it and its rivals as in recent years, but it is not weak. Had it been weak, Pennsylvania would have beaten them last Saturday. Much has been done at New Haven before now in two weeks, and the drilling that Yale eleven will get from now until the Springfield game will come pretty near making a player out of a wooden man. As they have no wooden men on the line or back of it, we shall see a much-improved team line up against Harvard.

On whether they will be able to strengthen the defensive game, however, rest all their hopes and happiness.

THE HARD WORK THEIR TEAM had in scoring against Pennsylvania would have been no especial cause for uneasiness in Yale men had the eleven been able to defend their own goal. Of course Yale would use as few plays as possible; but to be driven straight down the field and scored on by good football is quite another thing. They need a strong defensive game sorely this year, and it's the hardest to acquire so late.

Hinkey is not playing the game this year he did last; maybe if he would curb his tendency to "slug" he would do better. Greenway seems the better man; Murphy will fill the place, and Beard is more effective in his present position than he has ever been; he was one of the best men on the line Saturday. Stillman and McCrea are not up to last year, nor do the forwards break through so well as either Harvard or Princeton, and the backs are not up to the Yale standard in interference. In fact, the interference is not up to last year's, which was exceptionally fine, with men like Winters, McCormick, and the Blisses. Butterworth's line-bucking was great; he quite outclasses the other men behind Yale's line.

Pennsylvania played good football, and clean. The game throughout was more scientific than against Princeton, but, except at the time they scored, not so hard nor desperate. Simmons, Vail, and Brooks especially distinguished themselves, and Osgood and Mackey played their best game. Penn. has improved wonderfully this year, and developed an exceedingly clever and effective system of interference.

FOOTBALL IN CALIFORNIA IS GOING FORWARD at the pace one might expect with two such able exponents of the game as W. W. Heffelfinger and C. D. Bliss coaching the teams of University of California and Stanford. Of the two, Stanford seems just now to be in the better position, chiefly because of their more snappy work throughout the team. They are playing a much faster game, and running around the ends with better interference. The tackles and guards get down the field on kicks faster than U. of C. men. The Berkeley men are apt to depend too much on their strength, forgetting evidently that skill and quickness are very essential. As they are to-day, Stanford would probably beat Berkeley with their speedy active halves and aggressive line; but the difference would not exist if U. of C. could only add snap to their play, for they apparently have the better material. The centre of the two teams are about equal, with odds slightly in favor of U. of C.; the latter has also the better material for tackles, while Stanford leads on ends. Behind the line Stanford to-day is stronger with the old men, Waldron, Code, and Kennedy, but Berkeley has several new and untried men who promise well. Taylor, last year's full-back, is not up to his form, and is likely to be sent to the side lines if he does not improve.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TEAM is showing more improvement in the line than back of it. The ends are getting down the field on kicks in much better shape, and are now turning runners and interferers in towards the centre, which they neglected to do earlier in the season. The entire line is also tackling harder, though it is still too high, especially by the tackles and guards. The guards have made considerable improvement in their play; formerly it consisted chiefly in scrapping with their opponents, which not only wasted their strength but made their play slow. Now they are learning to concentrate their force, and the consequence is that not only is their play snappier, but there is a marked improvement in the life of the team, due to the increased quickness in getting the ball into play.

Behind the line the advancement has been much slower. The interference by the backs is fair, but they do not knock their man down, and the kicking is especially weak. Heretofore California has depended entirely on push plays, which they do very well; but this year they are trying to develop runners who can skirt the ends. The tackles run well with the ball, but are still too slow in starting.

The games the team played against Reliance, winning 32–0, and a picked eleven, which they also won, 14–12, showed such improvement in their interference that several times in each game their backs were able to skirt the ends. The interference is still too open, however, and a good end could easily break it up. There is more of a swing to their wedge plays now, and the men in it keep their places. Hunt, the right tackle, is turning out a good man, and very seldom fails to gain. He is an especially strong player in wedges, as he is very hard to throw off his feet. In kicking, the backs are constantly improving, especially Ransom, who seems to kick quicker and farther every day, and it is doubtful if there is a man on the coast who can outpunt him. He also runs very strongly with the ball, and it will take a low hard tackler to stop him. There is still much weakness behind the line in handling opponents' kicks, and too much muffing, which will be fatal if it is not corrected before the Thanksgiving game with Stanford.

THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION season began at Kansas City, November 4th, with a game between Kansas and Iowa, which, although ragged in some respects, especially in the inexcusable amount of fumbling, showed on the whole more brilliant play than had been seen in this Western section. The interference and tackling, especially of Kansas, were superior to anything done there before, while the excellent punting of Johnson, Kansas' full-back, undoubtedly won them the game. Iowa relied almost entirely on bucking the Kansas centre, and did not punt once. Kansas, on the other hand, punted frequently, and always for gains. Johnson further distinguished himself by making a field goal from the 20-yard line, the first ever made by a member of the Western Association, and the first ever seen in Kansas City. The Iowa full-back could not advance the ball a foot from where it was punted, the Kansas ends being always on hand to down him. Kansas' game was a departure from last year, being much faster and more open, end runs behind interference being her chief reliance for gains. Both teams were weak on the defensive, particularly Kansas, which, while having scored on every team played, has also been unable to protect her goal.

Iowa depended chiefly on the wedge for gains, and seldom failed to find a hole in the Kansas line between centre and right guard. Eastern football-players will marvel at the weight of the Kansas centre, 152 pounds stripped. The left half of the line is strong, but the right is filled with new men, both guard and tackle being new this year. The Iowa line is strong, especially in the centre, but excepting Myers and Elliott, the backs are weak. Although this is Kansas' first victory, the team has the prospect of ending the season brilliantly. They have been defeated by the champion Minnesota team, 12 to 6, and by the Denver A.C., 24 to 10, being the only team besides Chicago A.C. (which won, 6–0) to score against Denver so far this season. The third defeat was administered by Baker, 14–12.

Football scores to week ending November 11, 1893:

October 25.—Brown 10, Andover 0, instead of Andover 10, Brown 4.

November 4.—Princeton, 4; University of Pennsylvania, 0. Harvard, 34; Cornell, 0. West Point, 6; Union, 0. Orange A. C., 4; New York A. C., 0. Andover, 28; Yale Freshmen, 4. Exeter, 20; Harvard Freshmen, 6. Amherst, 12; Technology, 4. Georgetown, 28; Univ. of Virginia, 24. Dartmouth, 20; Williams, 0. November 7.—Yale, 42; New York A. C., 0. Harvard, 10; Boston A. A., 0. Princeton (four substitutes), 8; Orange A. C., 0. Yale Freshmen, 32; Columbia Freshmen, 0. Crescent A. C., 4; Wesleyan, 0. Baker, 4; Kansas, 0. November 8.—Dartmouth, 14; Tufts, 4. Brown, 36; Technology, 0. Lehigh, 22; Lafayette, 6. November 11.—Yale, 14; Pennsylvania, 6. Lehigh, 14; Cornell, 0. Annapolis, 22; Georgetown, 10. West Point, 18; Trinity, 11. Minnesota, 40; Wisconsin, 0. Missouri, 30; Nebraska, 16. Dartmouth, 34; Amherst, 0. Williams, 22; Tufts, 4. Crescent A. C., 36; New York A. C., 0. Exeter, 26; Andover, 10.

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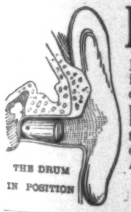

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